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Homer

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Ant. Gr. Vol. 10. p. 113.

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# POPE's

# ODYSSEY.



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# THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

Tranſlated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. V.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS.

*LONDON:*
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT.
MDCCXXVI.

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# GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas *Bernard Lintot* of Our City of *London*, Bookseller, hath by his Petition humbly represented unto Us, that he is now Printing a Translation, undertaken by Our Trusty and Well-beloved *Alexander Pope*, Esq; of the *Odyssey* of *Homer* from the *Greek*, in Five Volumes in *Folio* upon large and small Paper, in *Quarto* upon Royal Paper, in *Octavo* and *Duodecimo*, with large Notes upon each Book, and that he has been at great Expence in carrying on the said Work, and the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the same being vested in the said *Bernard Lintot*, he has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the term of fourteen Years: We are therefore graciously pleased to gratify him in his Request, and do by these Presents, agreeable to the Statute in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, give and grant unto him the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing of the said Translation of the *Odyssey* of *Homer*, for and during the term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof. Strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and other Our Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to impart, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of Our City of *London*, the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at St. *James's* the Nineteenth Day of *February* 1724-5. In the Eleventh Year of our Reign.

*By his Majesty's Command,*

TOWNSHEND.

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*Victims, which the Shepherds bring for the sacrifice and Wedding Dinner of* Penelope *with one of the Suitors, in the Presence of* Ulysses *and* Telemachus.

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# THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.



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# The ARGUMENT.

*While* Ulyſſes *lies in the Veſtibule of the Palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women.* Minerva *comforts him and caſts him aſleep. At his awaking he deſires a favourable ſign from* Jupiter, *which is granted. The feaſt of* Apollo *is celebrated by the People, and the Suitors banquet in the Palace.* Telemachus *exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which,* Ulyſſes *is inſulted by* Cteſippus, *and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange Prodigies are ſeen by* Theoclymenus *the Augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the Wooers.*

THE

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# THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

AN ample hide divine *Ulysses* ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
5 Then o'er the chief, *Eurynome* the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
10 Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey.



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Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.

His

v. 12. *With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.*] *Eustathius* expatiates upon the conduct of these female servants of *Penelope*. Silence and a decent reserve (remarks that Author) is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The *Athenians*, as *Pausanias* informs us, had a Temple sacred to Love and *Venus* the Whisperer. *Venus* was call'd the Whisperer (ψιθυρος) because they who there offer'd up their prayers apply'd their mouths to the ear of the statue of that Goddess, and whisper'd their petitions; an Intimation, that Women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no ways affects the Ladies of *Great Britain*: they speak [illegible]

*Ulysses*, *Homer* tells us, is almost provok'd to kill these females with his own hands: This has been imagin'd a thought unworthy an Heroe. The like objection has been made against *Æneas* in *Virgil* (*Æneid*; lib. 2. ver. 567.)

*Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,*
*The graceless* Helen *in the porch I spy'd*
*Of* Vesta's *temple: there she lurk'd alone,*
*Muffl'd she sate, and what she could, unknown;*
*Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,*
*Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.*

This whole passage is said to have been expung'd from *Virgil* by *Tucca* and *Varius*; for as *Virgil* there expresses it,

*'Tis true a soldier can small honour gain,*
*And boast no conquest from a woman slain.* Dryden.

But the Objection is probably made with too great severity, both against *Homer* and *Virgil*: It is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: A Heroe is not suppos'd to be insensible; he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both *Æneas* and *Ulysses* are fir'd with a just indignation,

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His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
15 Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the Peers consummate the disgrace?
Round his swol'n heart the murm'rous fury rowls;
20 As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,

And

tion, and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outragious action, and this shews that their passions are govern'd by superior reason. However this resentment of *Ulysses* is less liable to objection than that of *Æneas*: *Ulysses* subdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reason; but *Virgil* introduces a Machine to compose the spirit of *Æneas*:

*——all shining heav'nly bright,*
*My mother stood reveal'd before my sight,*
*She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break, &c.*

It may be further added that the case is very different between *Æneas* and *Ulysses*. The persons whom *Ulysses* intends to punish are his subjects and servants, and such a punishment would be no more than an act of justice, as he is their Master and King; and we find in the sequel of the *Odyssey* that he actually inflicts it. It should therefore be thought an instance of *Homer*'s judgment, in painting the disorders of these servants in such strong colours, that we may acknowledge the justice, when he afterwards brings them to punishment.

v. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls*, &c.] This in the original is a very bold expression, but *Homer*, to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. *Ennius* has literally translated it, as *Spondanus* observes:

*——animusque in pectore latrat.*



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And bays the stranger groom: so wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.

Not

That is word for word,

——————Κραδίη δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

The ſimilitude it ſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of *Ulyſſes* in defence of his Son and Wife, *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. *Dacier* was afraid that the compariſon could not be render'd with any beauty in the *French* tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un Lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne ſçauroit entrer.* But however more noble the Lion may be than the Maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: The Maſtiff rages in defence of her young, *Ulyſſes* of his Son *Telemachus*; but how is this repreſented by a Lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow *Homer* in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to Dogs by the Antients: they were kept as a piece of ſtate by Princes and Heroes, and therefore a compariſon drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a Lion.

v. 23. *Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain*
*Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.*]

Theſe two Verſes are quoted by *Plato* in his *Phædo*, where he treats of the ſoul's immortality; He makes uſe of them to prove that *Homer* underſtood the ſoul to be uncompounded and diſtinct from the body. "If the ſoul, argues that Author, were a compounded ſubſtance, if it were harmony (as ſome philoſophically aſſert) ſhe would never act diſcordantly from the parts which compoſe it; but we ſee the contrary, we ſee the ſoul guide and govern the parts of which ſhe her ſelf is pretended to be compoſed; ſhe reſiſts, threatens and reſtrains our paſſions, our fears, avarice and anger: in ſhort, the ſoul ſpeaks to the body as to a ſubſtance of a nature entirely different from its own. *Homer* therefore evidently underſtood that the ſoul ought to govern and

" direct

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25 Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire *Polypheme* devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
30 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

The

" direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than " harmony.

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning: and there is an expression, observes *Dacier*, that bears the same import in the holy Scriptures: *The heart of* David *smote him when he number'd the people.* There is this difference; in *Homer* by *heart* is understood the corporeal substance, in the Scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.

v. 32. *As one who long*, &c.] No passage in the whole *Odyssey* has fall'n under more ridicule than this comparison; Monsieur *Perault* is particularly severe upon it: *Homer* (says that Critic) compares *Ulysses* turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that Hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the Suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of *Ulysses*. *Homer* compares not the thing, but the persons.

*Boileau*, in his notes upon *Longinus*, answers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most delicious dishes amongst the antients: that the *sumex* or sow's belly was boasted of for its excellence by the *Romans*, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides, the *Greek* word used to express a black-pudding was not invented in the days of *Homer*. *Ogylby* indeed thus renders it:

*As one a pudding broiling on the coals.*



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The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt:
35 *Ulyſſes* ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the Suitors doom reſolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the *Jove*-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
40 The Goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.

But you will ask, Is not the alluſion mean at beſt, and does it not convey a low image? Monſieur *Dacier* anſwers in the negative, in his notes upon *Ariſtotle's* Poetics. The compariſon is borrow'd from ſacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore ſo far from being deſpicable, that it was look'd upon with veneration by antiquity. *Lib.* 1. of the *Iliad*.

*On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,*
*The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.*

The *Cawls* and the *choiceſt morſels* were the fat of the Victim, ſelected as the beſt part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the Author of *Eccleſiaſt.* makes uſe of it, 47. 2. *As in the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was* David *choſen out of the children of* Iſrael. And the ſame alluſion which was uſed to repreſent the worth and excellence of *David*, could be no degradation to *Ulyſſes*.

But what is underſtood by the *belly of the beaſt, full of fat and blood? Boileau* is of opinion that thoſe words denote the fat and the blood which are in thoſe parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from theſe lines, *lib.* 18. of the *Odyſſey*.

Γαστέρες ἃς δ' αἰγῶν κίαθ' ἐν πυρὶ τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Κατθέμεθα κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

*Impletus ſanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus*; a demonſtration that *Homer* intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

Oh

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Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why rowl those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Blest in thy Queen! blest in thy blooming heir!
45 Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow.
Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
In contemplation rapt. This hostile crew
50 What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if by *Jove*'s, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O say, cœlestial maid:
Where shall *Ulysses* shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattel'd to revenge the slain?
55 Oh impotence of faith! *Minerva* cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo *Pallas*' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.

In

v. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
*Doubt you the Gods?*

There is excellent reasoning in this: If a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions; the divine Being gives us his council, and we refuse it. Monsieur *Dacier* observes that *Epictetus* had this passage in his view, and beautify'd his morality with it. "The protection of a "Prince or Potentate (says that Author) gives us full tranquillity, "and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension. We have an all-"powerful

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
60 Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest;
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.
65 She ceas'd: Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the Queen; The downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to sleep
70 A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.

" powerful Being for our Protector, and for our Father; and yet " the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive away our fears, " inquietudes and discontents."

What *Homer* further puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the language of the holy Scripture; *Psalm* xxvii. 3. *Tho' an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my Heart be afraid.*

The Poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the Suitors by the single hand of *Ulysses*, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be shock'd at the great Catastrophe of the Poem as incredible: It is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the Suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascribed solely to *Ulysses*, it is at least reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible thro' the Intervention of a Goddess.

*Diana!*

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*Diana!* speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race;
75 Tost thro' the void, illimitable space:
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shrow'd!
So, *Pandarus*, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
80 Thy self untimely and thy consort dy'd,
But four Cœlestials both your cares supply'd.

v. 72. Diana! *speed thy deathful ebon dart*, &c.] I doubt not but the Reader will be pleas'd with the beauty of this soliloquy. There is an assemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are such as betray no meanness of spirit: The lamentation of *Penelope* is the lamentation of a Queen and Heroine; she mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good use of her sorrows, and they excellently sustain her character of persevering to elude the addresses of the Suitors, when she wishes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confess the inserting so many particularities of the daughters of *Pandarus*, &c. greatly lessens the pathetic of this speech.

v. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds!* &c.] The antients (says *Dacier*) were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons, and their disappearance was ascrib'd, in the language of Poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The *Orientals* delighted in such bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The east wind carrieth him away, and as a storm hurrieth him out of his place.* And *Isaiah* xli. 16. *The wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them.*

*Venus*

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*Venus* in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial *Juno* to their youth assign'd
85 A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth *Diana* grac'd their bloom;
And *Pallas* taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright *Cytherea* sought the bow'r of *Jove*;
90 (The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie)

v. 82. Venus *in tender delicacy rears*
*With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.*]
Monsieur *Dacier* observes upon this passage; *Venus* is said to feed these Infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of *Moses*. So the prophet. *Butter and honey shall he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and chuse the good*; that is, till the age of discretion.

v. 84. *Imperial* Juno *to their youth assign'd*
*A form majestic, and sagacious mind.*]
It may seem that *Homer* ascribes improper gifts to this Goddess; Wisdom is the portion of *Minerva*, Beauty of *Venus*, why then are they here ascrib'd to *Juno*? *Spondanus* calls this an insolvable difficulty. *Dacier* explains it by saying, that the beauty of Princesses is different from that of persons of an inferior station, their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferior beauty; the former kind is the gift of *Venus* to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestow'd on Princesses and Queens, by *Juno* the Regent of the skies.

Wing'd

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Wing'd *Harpies* ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou *Diana* ſpeed
95 Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead:
To ſeek my Lord among the warrior-train,
E're ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail,
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
100 Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors ſable ev'ry dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
105 And to my bed my lov'd *Ulyſſes* brought,

v. 92. *Wing'd* Harpies *ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by theſe Princeſſes being carried away by the *Harpies*: *Euſtathius* thinks that they wander'd from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the Poet aſcribes to the ἐρίνυας, or *Furies*. *Dacier* imagines, that theſe two Princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter *Aëdon* (who was married to *Zethus*, and ſlew her own ſon) fear'd a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retir'd to ſome diſtant ſolitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It muſt be allow'd that the thought excellently agrees with the wiſhes of *Penelope*: Theſe Princeſſes were taken away at the point of their marriage; *Penelope* believes herſelf to be in the ſame condition. and wiſhes to be loſt rather than ſubmit to ſecond nuptials. This Speech has a further effect; we find *Penelope* reduc'd to the utmoſt exigency, ſhe has no further ſubterfuge: the Poet therefore judiciouſly paints this exigency in the ſtrongeſt colours, to ſhew the neceſſity of unravelling the intrigue of the Poem in the concluſion of the *Odyſſey*.

In

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In manly bloom, and each majestic grace
As when for *Troy* he left my fond embrace:
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.
Thus, whilst *Aurora* mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan:
The sounds assault *Ulysses'* wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;
He thinks the Queen is rushing to his arms.

v. 107. *As when for* Troy *he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that the whole soul of *Penelope* was possess'd with the image of *Ulysses. Homer* adds, *such as he was when he sail'd to* Troy; which is inserted to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this *Ulysses* in disguise is not like the *Ulysses* she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Eustathius.*

v. 110. *Thus, whilst* Aurora *mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty ninth day.

v. 113. ——*a sudden fear*
*Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms.*]
I was at a loss for an explication of this line, 'till I found it in *Eustathius;* for why should *Ulysses* imagine that *Penelope* knew him to be *Ulysses*, after a speech that express'd so much concern for his absence? *Ulysses*, having only heard the voice, not distinguish'd the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of *Penelope* for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made by *Eurycleæ* or *Telemachus;* that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the Suitors, and prevent his designs; He therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a pray'r to Heav'n for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

Up-springing

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Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd:
(The hide, without imbib'd the morning air.)
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
120 *Jove*, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end;
Of human race now riſing from repoſe,
Let one a *bliſſful* omen here diſcloſe:

v. 120. Jove, *and ethereal Thrones*———
123. ———*a bliſſful Omen*———]
The conſtruction in the *Greek* is ungrammatical, for after Ζεῦ πάτερ in the ſingular, the Poet immediately adds εἰ μ' ἐθέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are imply'd, ſays *Euſtathius*, ſo that θεοὶ is underſtood, which rectifies the conſtruction.

The Reader will fully underſtand the import of this Prayer, from the nature of Omens, and the notions of them amongſt the Antients: *If*, ſays *Ulyſſes*, *my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice is heard, *O* Jupiter, *may this day be the laſt to the Suitors!* Such ſpeeches as fell accidentally from any perſon were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination: *Ulyſſes* underſtands it as ſuch, and accepts the Omen. It was in uſe among the *Romans*, as appears from *Tully* of divination, when *P. Æmilius* was going to war with *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians*, he found his little daughter in tears: *O Father*, ſays ſhe, Perſeus *is dead!* meaning her little dog named *Perſeus*; *Æmilius* immediately reply'd, *O Daughter I embrace the Omen*, applying it to *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians*; who was afterwards conquer'd by him, and died a Captive in *Rome*. The ſame practice was us'd by the *Hebrews*, it was call'd *Bath Kol*; this is an inſtance of it: Two *Rabbies* deſiring to ſee *Samuel* a *Babyloniſh* doctor, *let us follow* ſaid they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a ſchool, they heard a boy reading theſe words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1. *And* Samuel *died*. They obſerv'd it, and found that their Friend was dead. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

And

And to confirm my faith, propitious *Jove!*
125 Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.
Whilst lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a saphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the Heroe's heart rebounds.
130 Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'rs,
An omen'd Voice invades his ravish'd ear.

v. 128. *Loud from a saphire sky*——] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a *serene sky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as such amongst the *Romans* in the books of the Augurs; and *Horace* brings it as a proof against the opinions of *Epicurus*.

——*Diespiter*
*Igni corusco nubila dividens,*
*Plerumque* per purum *tonantes*
*Egit equos, volucremque currum.*

*Virgil* likewise speaks of thunder as ominous, when *Anchises* saw the lambent flame round the head of *Iulus*: He prays to *Jupiter* and immediately it thunders.

*Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore.*
*Intonuit.*

The *Stoics* drew an argument from thunder from a serene air against the Doctrines of *Epicurus*, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

Beneath

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Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of *Ceres* grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man)
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd.

Father of Gods and men! whose thunders rowl
O'er the *Cerulean* Vault, and shake the Pole;
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare Ostent,
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O *Jove!* confound the Suitor train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!

v. 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of* Ceres *grin'd.*] This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the Suitors, who employ'd twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word ἐπεῤῥώοντο; it denotes the great labour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, and consequently the great waste of the Suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity, that Kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills were attended by women; I suppose because preparing bread was an houshold care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.



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Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
*Ulysses'* heart dilates with secret joy.
Mean-time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, *Vulcanian* food:
155 When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
160 And *Euryclea* thus he there address'd.

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repose,
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants relev'd?
165 Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

v. 165. *Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers.*] This speech of *Telemachus* may seem to be wanting in filial respect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: But (remarks *Eustathius*) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation; it shews that her affection was so great for *Ulysses*, that she receiv'd every vagrant honourably, who deceiv'd her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tydings of him, tho' men of greater worth, were less acceptable.

She

She thus; O cease that ever-honour'd name
170 To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the Queen the night-refection prest;
Nor wou'd he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
175 A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,
180 To the sage *Greeks* conven'd in *Themis'* court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sow'rly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
185 Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;

v. 180. *To the sage* Greeks *conven'd in* Themis' *court,*
*Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:*]
It was customary for Kings and Magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*, the Poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement. *Eustathius.*

The

The seats with purple cloathe in order due;
And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:
190 Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:

v. 189. *And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew.*] The table was not antiently cover'd with linen, but carefully cleans'd with wet sponges. Thus *Arrian*, ἔφερον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγγισον: And *Martial*:

*Hæc tibi sorte datur tergendis spongia mensis.*

They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλίαι, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this custom is mention'd in the *Odyssey*, *lib.* 10.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα κύνες δαΐτηθεν ἴοντα
Σαίνωσ', εἰ τί γάρ τε φέρει μειλίγματα θυμῷ.

*As from some feast a man returning late,*
*His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,*
*Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,*
*Such as the good man ever wont to give.*

The morsel in the translation, and the μειλίγματα in the *Greek*, mean these pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλίαι, with which the Antients wip'd their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

Dispatch!

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Dispatch! for soon the Suitors will assay
195 The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.
She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
200 Some wield the sounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(*Eumaus* in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny chin'd,
205 He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:

v. 195. *The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.*] This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following: The *Greek* months were lunar, the first day of every month was a day of great solemnity, and it was consecrated to *Apollo*, the author and fountain of light. *Ulysses* had said, *lib.* 14. *v.* 186.

*E're the next moon increase, or this decay,*
*His antient realms* Ulysses *shall survey;*
*In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn.*

Τῷ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τῷ δ' ἰσταμένοιο.

This, says *Solon* in *Plutarch*, means that *Ulysses* shall return on the last day of the month precisely; and here we find it verify'd. *Ulysses* discovers himself upon this day, and kills the Suitors: By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his discovery; for he was return'd when he made that assertion to *Eumaus*. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verse was rightly interpreted by *Solon*.



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In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the King this friendly speech renew'd:
Now say sincere, my guest! the Suitor train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
210 Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (*Ulysses* sad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
215 From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sated at another's cost!
While thus the Chief his woes indignant told,
*Melanthius*, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
220 Spontaneous to the Suitors' feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound:
And to the Chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.
225 Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my Lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Those arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.



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On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!
Rejoinder to the churl the King disdain'd,
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From *Cephalenia* cross the surgy main
*Philetius* late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Strait to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendor shine.

v. 237. *Imported in a shallop*———] To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that *Melanthius* and *Philetius* fed their flocks and herds in *Cephalenia*, an adjacent Island, under the dominion of *Ulysses*; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen, πορθμῆες, as *Homer* expresses it.



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245 If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the Chief addreſs'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd.
Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
250 And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O *Jove!* for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!

Unpiteous

v. 245. *If Monarchs by the Gods, &c.*] This is the reaſoning of *Philatius:* Kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not Kings from calamities, how can inferior perſons (ſays *Dacier*) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? But I perſuade my ſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean *Ulyſſes*; "Well may vagrants ſuffer, "when Kings, ſuch as *Ulyſſes*, are not free from afflictions.

v. 251. O Jove! *for ever deaf to human cries;*
*The tyrant, not the father of the skies!*

Theſe words are to be aſcribed to the exceſs of ſorrow which *Philatius* feels for the ſufferings of *Ulyſſes*; for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of Theology in *Homer*'s time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; "How can *Jupiter* (ſays *Philatius*) who is our father, throw his "children into ſuch an abyſs of miſery? Thou, oh *Jove*, haſt "made us, yet haſt no compaſſion when we ſuffer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen Theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of *Philatius*; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompenſe the good man for all his calamities, or as *Milton* expreſſes,

*Will juſtify the ways of God to men.*

It may be obſerv'd in general that this introduction of *Philatius* and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of *Ulyſſes*, is inſerted here



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Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
255 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The gauling load of life is doom'd to bear.
*Ulysses* from his state a wand'rer still,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:
O Monarch ever dear!——O man of woe!——
260 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!

Like

with admirable judgment; The Poet intends to make use of his assistance in the destruction of the Suitors; he therefore brings him in giving *Ulysses* full assurance of his fidelity; so that when that Heroe reveals himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certify'd of his honesty.

I will only add that *Philetius* is not to be look'd upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity: and whatever has been said in these annotations concerning *Eumæus* may be apply'd to *Philatius*; he is here call'd ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and *Ulysses* promises to marry him into his own family in the sequel of the *Odyssey*; consequently he is a personage worthy to be an actor in Epic Poetry.

v. 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explain'd by *Dacier* and *Eustathius*: ἴδιον, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἱδρῶσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have sweated and been in an agony at the thought of the severe "dispensations of *Jupiter*;" this is the interpretation of *Eustathius*. *Dacier* takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνατο αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λυγαλέοισι,
Ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.

*Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo*, for so we may render ἴδιον, meaning *Ulysses*; then the sense will be this; Jupiter,



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Like thee, poor ſtranger gueſt, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene decreed to roam!
Or haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In *Stygian* gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
265 O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his *Cephalenian* herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
270 A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
275 Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now, to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:

*tho' thou haſt made us, thou haſt no compaſſion upon mankind; thou caſteſt us into evils and miſery; as I have learn'd by a private or domeſtic inſtance, namely in the perſon of* Ulyſſes. If my judgment were of any weight, I ſhould recommend this interpretation rather than that of *Euſtathius*, which ſeems to be a forced one, and I remember no inſtance of this nature in *Homer*; but the preference is ſubmitted to the Reader's deciſion.

Then,

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Then, happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
280 Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,
My King returns; the proud Uſurpers die.
To whom the Chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
285 Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Atteſt, oh *Jove*, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
290 Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd *Ulyſſes* ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the Suitor-train.
O *Jove* ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,
295 With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves with new-born vigor ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young——
Aſſents *Eumæus* to the pray'r addreſt;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
300 Mean-time the Suitors urge the Prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:



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When in his airy tour, the bird of *Jove*
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
305 *Amphinomus*, who thus presaging cry'd.
The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend;
O Peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable Fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy.
310 From council strait th'assenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.

Dis-rob'd,

v. 305. Amphinomus, *who thus presaging cry'd.*] It may be ask'd why *Amphinomus* gives this interpretation to the Prodigy? and why might not the Eagle denote the Suitors, and the Pigeon *Telemachus?* No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious, but contrary to the rules of Augury. The Eagle is the King of birds, and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage, and consequently could only be apply'd to *Ulysses*, or *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquiesce in his interpretation.

v. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.*] The Antients, says *Eustathius*, observe that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any Sacrifice throughout the whole *Odyssey*, and that there is no instance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a Sacrifice? 'tis true the sacrificial term of ἱερεῖον is mention'd; but perhaps that word may not denote a Sacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, tho' it primarily signifies the flesh of animals offer'd to the Gods, yet in a less proper acceptation implies the flesh of all animals indifferently. Thus *Athenæus*, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων, which must be render'd, *the flesh of young animals.* Thus, *Lib.* 7. ἐυσηπλότερα τὰ νύκτωρ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα, *the flesh of animals that are kill'd by night sooner putrify*; and *Galen* uses ζῶν, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiscriminately. The reason is, because originally no animal was ever slain but

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Dis-rob'd, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
315 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round,
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage *Eumæus* born: the purple tide
*Melanthius* from an ample jar supply'd:
320 High canisters of bread *Philætius* plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Dispos'd apart, *Ulysses* shares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,

but some part of it was offer'd to the Gods, and in this sense every ζῶν was ἱερεῖον. If we consult the context in *Homer*, it must be allowed that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that distinguishes this from a common repast, thro' the whole description; and if that word will bear a remote signification, as ἱερεῖον does, I should conclude, that this is no Sacrifice. Nay, if it should be found that ἱέρευον implies of necessity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a customary meal, since the Antients at all entertainments made Libations to the Gods; What may seem to strengthen this conjecture is that the Poet immediately adds, that the *Greeks*, Ἀχαιοὶ, sacrific'd in the grove of *Apollo*; without mentioning that the Suitors partook in the sacrifice: nay they seem to be feasting in the palace, while the *Greeks* are offering in the grove.

v. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily; the table is suitable to the disguise of *Ulysses*, and it might have created a jealousy in the Suitors if *Telemachus* had us'd him with greater distinction.



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The Prince appoints; but to his Sire assigns
325 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake my guest, he cry'd, without controul
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
330 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great Sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye Suitors cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the Prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
335 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, Peers! at length *Antinous* cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Wou'd *Jove* permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence shou'd cease to flow.
340 Without reply vouchsaf'd, *Antinous* ceas'd:
Mean-while the pomp of festival increas'd:
By Heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd *Apollo*'s grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
345 The lunar hetacomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.

But

But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) *Ulysses* shar'd.
Observant of the Prince's high behest,
350 His menial train attend the stranger guest;
Whom *Pallas* with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A *Samian* Peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who seem'd with many a dead-born jest;
355 And urg'd, for title to a consort Queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(*Ctesippus* nam'd) this Lord *Ulysses* ey'd,
And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride.
The sentence I propose, ye Peers, attend:
360 Since due regard must wait the Prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow:
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.
365 He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at *Ulysses* cast,
Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.



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370 The Chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:

v. 370. ———*grins a ghastly smile;*] The Expression in *Greek* is remarkable:

———μειδήσας δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον)

Some tells us that there is an herb frequent in the island of *Sardinia*, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from hence the *Sardinian laugh* became a Proverb, to signify a laugh which conceal'd an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an antient custom of the *Sardinians* (a colony of the *Lacedemonians*) it is pretended that upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy, and oblig'd these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως; and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclin'd to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears most natural, but because *Virgil* seems to understand it in that sense, for he alludes to the above-mention'd quality of the *Sardinian* Herbs, *Eclogue* 7. *v.* 41.

*Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis*

———*deform'd like him who chews*
Sardinian *herbage to contract his jaws.*

The Reader may observe that *Ctesippus* breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyssey*: These levities have been proscrib'd by the Critics as too low, and unworthy of Epic Poetry: but *Homer* adapts himself to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; tho' I will not say but such characters are more proper for Comedy than Epic Poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in *Homer*, who puts these low pleasantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; such persons being generally men of no worth or serious deportment.

When

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When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
375 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor shou'd thy Sire a Queen his daughter boast,
The Suitor now had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more, ye lewd Compeers, with lawless pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
380 For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
385 On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end.
A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,
By gentler *Agelaus* thus renew'd.
A just reproof, ye Peers! your rage restrain
390 From the protected guest, and menial train:
And Prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent your self, and gain the royal will.
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your Sire restor'd,
Of right the Queen refus'd a second Lord:

But

395 But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign Dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The Lord selected to the nuptial joys,
400 Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,
You reign, of this imperial dome possest.
Sage and serene *Telemachus* replies;
By him at whose behest the thunder flies!
405 And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great *Ulysses*, and his woes I swear!
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in *Pluto*'s dreary train.)

v. 403. *Sage and serene* Telemachus *replies*; &c.] It is observable that *Telemachus* swears by the *sorrows* of his father; an expression, in my judgment, very noble, and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an antient custom amongst the *Orientals*, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Genesis* xxxi. 53. *And* Jacob *swore by the* fear *of his father* Isaac.

But how is this speech to be understood? for how can *Telemachus* persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that *Ulysses* is return'd? There is a conceal'd and an apparent meaning in the expression. *Telemachus*, observes *Eustathius*, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means *Ulysses*: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath *Telemachus* obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

Whene'er

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Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,
410 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my Parent-Queen to chase!——
From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.
But *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors souls, insensate of their doom!
415 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crow'd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:

Floating

v. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd, &c.*] It is in the *Greek*, *They laugh'd with other mens cheeks.* There are many explications of this passage: *Eustathius* imagines it to denote a feign'd and pretended laughter. *Erasmus* explains it, *non libenter neque ex animo ridere, sed ita videre quasi non tuis, sed alienis maxillis rideas.* But if we consult the conduct of the Suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary: for this laughter of the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. *Homer* calls it ἄσβεστον *excessive, inextinguish'd*; and again, ἡδὺ γέλασσαν, or they laugh'd *with joy, suaviter riserunt*; which expressions denote a real and unfeign'd laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally; They laugh'd as if they had borrow'd their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; (such persons as the Suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.)

*Horace* makes use of the same expression,

*Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.*

And likewise *Valerius*:

*Errantesque gena, atque alieno gaudia vultu.*

This

**Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!**
**In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:**

**Then**

This is the opinion of *Dacier:* But there are ſome lines in the *Greek* that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expreſſion of laughing with other mens cheeks, *Homer* adds, that their eyes *flow'd with tears,* and *ſorrow ſeiz'd their Souls.* 'Tis true, *Homer* deſcribes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a ſudden diſtraction occaſion'd by *Minerva*; and from hence we may gather the reaſon why they are toſt by ſo ſudden a tranſition to contrary paſſions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal exceſs: perſons in ſuch a condition being liable to ſuch viciſſitudes.

v. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!*
*In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay.*]

This is to be look'd upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was eſtabliſhed in the old world, and conſequently, whether true or falſe, may be allow'd to have a place in Poetry. *See* Book XII. Annot. 32.

In the following ſpeech of *Theoclymenus* there is a beautiful enthuſiaſm of Poetry; but how are we to underſtand that *Theoclymenus* ſees theſe wonders, when they are inviſible to all the Suitors? *Theoclymenus* was a Prophet, and ſpeaks of things future as preſent; it is the eye of the Prophet that ſees theſe events, and the language of prophecy that ſpeaks of them as preſent. Thus when he ſays he ſees the palace red with blood, and throng'd with ghoſts; he anticipates the event, which is verify'd in the approaching death of the Suitors.

*Euſtathius* is of opinion that by the laſt words of this ſpeech *Theoclymenus* intends to expreſs an Eclipſe of the ſun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipſes happen. Others underſtand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we ſay the ſun is for-ever gone down upon the dead: *Theocritus* uſes that expreſſion, Δύσεται πάντα δυδυκεῖν ἥλιον. *Homer* means by it, that the Suitors ſhall never more behold the light of the ſun.

———ἠέλιος δὲ
Οὐρανῷ ἐξαπίνης———

So

Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
420 And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rap'd; the * *Hypereſian* Seer
Up-roſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with *Stygian* ſhade
Each deſtin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
425 With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts,
To people *Orcus*, and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to rowl,
430 But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The Peers reproach the ſure Divine of Fate;
And thus *Eurymachus*: The dotard's mind
To ev'ry ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:

* *Theoclymenus.*

So far *Euſtathius*. It may be added that the *Roman* Poets uſed the ſame expreſſion in this latter ſignification. Thus *Catullus*,

*Nobis, quùm ſemel occidit brevis lux,*
*Non eſt perpetua una dormienda.*

Either of theſe expoſitions makes the paſſage intelligible.

Swift

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435 Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind,
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,
440 Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths descend;
Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye Suitors cannot shun.

v. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of *Theoclymenus* literally, *viz. I see you all involv'd in darkness*, think him distracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of derision command him to be carry'd into a place of publick resort, that he may convince himself it is full day. *Eustathius* imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenness, because it makes all objects appear indistinct and different from the reality: He quotes a pleasant expression of *Anacharsis* to this purpose: A certain person telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think so too*, replies *Anacharsis*; *but fill me a Bumper, that I may make her a beauty.*

v. 437. *Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd,)* &c.] *Eustathius* explains the answer of *Theoclymenus* to be both pleasant and serious: "I have *eyes*, and therefore have no occasion for "a guide to lead me from the palace; I have *ears*, and therefore "hear that my absence is desir'd; I have both my *feet*, and there-"fore am able to go away without giving others the trouble to "assist me; and I have an *understanding* well inform'd, by which "I see the evil that threatens the Suitors, and haste away to a-"void it.

This

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445 This said, to sage *Pirœus* sped the Seer,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the Suitors sit,
And aim to wound the Prince with pointless wit:
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
450 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice;
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
455 But, Prince! for once at least believe a friend,
To some *Sicilian* mart these courtiers send,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus

v. 456. *To some* Sicilian *mart these courtiers send.*] It is evident from this passage that the name of *Sicily* is very antient, and *Eustathius* makes the following remark upon it: That the reason why the Poet never mentions this word in describing the wandrings of *Ulysses* which happen chiefly near *Sicily*, is to make his Poetry more surprising and marvellous; and that the more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the *Phæacians*, he chuses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his Readers. *Dacier* observes from *Bochart*, that this island received the name of *Sicily* from the *Phœnicians*, long before the birth of *Homer*, or the war of *Troy*: *Sichul* in their language signifies *perfection*; they call'd it the *Isle of perfection*, because it held the chief rank amongst all the islands in the *Mediterranean*: "It is the largest and best island in "all our seas," says *Strabo*. It has likewise been thought to have taken its name from the *Syrian* language, namely from *Segol*, or

Thus jovial they; but nought the Prince replies;
460 Full on his Sire he rowl'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtrait to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe Chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen
To ſee the circle ſat, of all unſeen.
465 Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:

But

or *Segul*, a *Raiſin*. For long before the vine was known in *Afric*, *Sicily* was famous for its Vineyards, and from thence the *Carthaginians* imported their raiſins and wines. *Homer* celebrates this iſland for its vines in the 9th *Odyſſey*.

*Spontaneous wines from weighty claſters pour,*
*And* Jove *deſcends in each prolific ſhow'r.*

It is likewiſe probable from this paſſage, that the *Sicilians* traded in ſlaves; for their lands were fertil, and they merchandiz'd for them to manure the ground. I ſhould rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their ſlaves; the Suitors ſpeaking by way of terror to intimidate *Theoclymenus*; and the expreſſion ſeems to bear the ſame import with that concerning *Echetus*, we will *ſend him to* Echetus, or *the* Sicilians, *who will uſe him with the utmoſt cruelty*.

v. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen.*] The word in the original is δίφρος, and ſignifies a large ſeat that would hold two perſons, from δὶς φέρειν.

This circumſtance (obſerves *Euſtathius*) is not inſerted in vain: the Poet deſcribes *Penelope* thus ſeated, that ſhe might ſee and hear the actions and deſigns of the Suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occaſion: Now for inſtance, ſhe perceives their

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But vengeful *Pallas* with preventing ſpeed
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

their inſolence riſen to ſuch an height, that ſhe dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herſelf the prize of the beſt Archer: And this naturally connects the ſtory with the next book.

THE

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# THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The

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*The Suitors of* Penelope *exercise themselves with* Ulysses, *to Bend the Bow & shoot an Arrow through several Rings placed together.*

*P. Fourdrinier sculp.*

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# The ARGUMENT.

## *The bending of* Ulysses's *bow.*

Penelope, *to put an end to the sollicitation of the Suitors, proposes to marry the person who should first bend the bow of* Ulysses, *and shoot thro' the ringlets. After their attempts have prov'd ineffectual,* Ulysses *taking* Eumæus *and* Philætius *apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, tho' refus'd with indignation by the Suitors,* Penelope *and* Telemachus *cause it to be deliver'd to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots thro' all the rings.* Jupiter *in the same instant thunders from Heav'n;* Ulysses *accepts the Omen, and gives a sign to* Telemachus, *who stands ready arm'd at his side.*

THE

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# THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

AND *Pallas* now, to raise the rivals fires,
With her own art *Penelope* inspires:
Who now can bend *Ulysses* bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,

Shall

## NOTES.

This book is entitled Τόξου Στάσις, or the *proposition of the Bow*: This action of *Penelope* has given occasion of raillery both to modern and antient Critics; they insinuate that the propos'd this exercise of the bow to try the strength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that single qualification in the choice of her husband.

*Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,*
*Qui latus arguerat, cornens arcus erat.*



They

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5 Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;
But Discord and black Death await the game!
The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;

They interpret μυρὶν ἐπλέκουσα into a sense very contrary to the character of *Penelope*. 'Tis true, other Authors have directly charged her with Incharity, and affirm that she had a son named *Pan*, because *all* the Suitors had a share in him. *Lycophron* calls her

Βασσάραν ἐκμανῶς κασσοπλόκουσαν.

It is the exercise of the Bow that has occasion'd these imprecations; for none of *Homer's* Commentators have given the reason why she proposes that exercise in particular; and therefore seeing no reason for it, they have invented a false one, and give the story a ridiculous air: I flatter my self that a better solution may be found out, and a reason given why *Penelope* proposes this exercise in particular, and preferably to any other.

We are to remember that this day was sacred to *Apollo*; this is evident from the preceding book, where the *Ithacans* offer an Hecatomb in a grove consecrated to that Deity: The diversion suits the day, the exercise of the bow being proper to be practis'd on the festival of that Deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of *Apollo* are derived from it; Ἐκάεργος, Ἑκατηβόλος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is strange that this necessary observation should escape the notice of all Commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of *Penelope* in proposing the Bow, an instance almost parallel to it might be produc'd from History. When *Cambyses* was preparing to make war against *Æthiopia*, the King of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the presence of the *Persian* Ambassadors, and unbending it again, deliver'd it to them with these words: That when the *Persians* could do the like, they might hope to conquer the *Æthiopians*. There is nothing more absurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by *Penelope*, than in the same act of the *Æthiopian* King to the *Persian* Ambassadors.

A brazen

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A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
10 With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;

*v. 9. A brazen key ſhe held,* &c.] The numerous particularities and digreſſive Hiſtories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not eſcaped cenſure. The Poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to *Ulyſſes*; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little Hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of *Penelope's* opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance, to no propos'd end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhews the power of the Poet's diction. So great a Critic as *Vida* admir'd this very paſſage. *Poetic. lib. 2.*

*Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis*
*Penelope, optatas promittens callida tadas*
*Victori, per quanta mora diſpendia mentes*
*Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferet arcum?*

The Poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of *Penelope*, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and antient hiſtories will pleaſe every Reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of *Homer's* judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, *Penelope* propoſes the tryal of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and *Homer*, to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the Poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey.



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There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great *Ulysses* bore,
15 And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when *Sparta*'s shores he trod,
On young *Ulysses* *Iphitus* bestow'd:
Beneath *Orsilochus* his roof they meet;
20 One loss was private, one a publick debt:
*Messenn*'s state from *Ithaca* detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;

And

v. 21. Messena's *state*, &c.] It has been disputed whether *Messene* here was a city or a country; *Strabo* affirms it to be a country, *lib.* 8. It was a port of *Laconia*, under the dominion of *Menelaus* in the time of the war of *Troy*; and then (continues that Author) the city named *Messene* was not built. *Pausanias* is of the same opinion, *lib.* 4. *c.* 1. "Before the battle of *Leuctra* between the *Thebans* and *Lacedæmonians*, it is my judgment "that there was no City call'd *Messene*; this is evident from the "words of *Homer*,

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ζυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοιϊν
Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

Now *Ortilochus* lived in *Phera*, a city of *Messenia*, and consequently *Ulysses* and *Iphitus* meeting at his Palace in *Messenia*, *Homer* must mean the country, not the city. That *Ortilochus* lived in *Phera*, appears from the third *Odyssey*.

Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἱκόμην Διοκλῆος πότι δῶμα,
Υἱὸς Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

This *Iphitus* was the son of *Eurytus* mention'd in the eighth book, famous for his skill in archery.

*Vain*

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And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws.
The King and Elders trust their common cause.
25 But *Iphitus* employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to *Hercules* at length,
30 The lawless wretch, the man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgrest;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.

He

*Vain* Eurytus! *whose art became his crime,*
*Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime,*
*Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,*
*Who boldly dared defy the Bowyer God.*

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: The Poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the *Odyssey*: he shews it was originally in the possession of *Eurytus*, the most famous archer in the world: Nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the Heroe of the Poem, who alone is able to bend it.

v. 22. *Three hundred sheep, &c.*] It has been observ'd in a former annotation, that such ravages or pyracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst the Antients; why then is *Ulysses* here sent to redemand the spoils made by the *Messenians*? *Dacier* answers that such inroads were not allowable except in open War; she means between *Greeks* and *Greeks*; for they themselves exercis'd such pyracies with impunity against other nations.

v. 31. *Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgrest.*] *Homer* very solemnly condemns this action of *Hercules* in slaying *Iphitus*; and some

He gave the bow; and on *Ulysses'* part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
35 Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
*Ulysses* bore not from his native land,

some Authors (remarks *Eustathius*) defend him by saying, he was seiz'd with madness, and threw *Iphitus* down from the top of his Palace; but this is contrary to *Homer*, and to the sentiment of those who write that *Hercules* was deliver'd as a slave to *Omphale*, for the expiation of the murder of *Iphitus*.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expression

——— οὐδὲ τράπεζαν
Ἤσατ.———

That is, *he paid no reverence to his Table.* The Table was held sacred by the Antients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality: it was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpose *Juvenal*:

*Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia mensæ.*

The statutes of the Gods were rais'd upon the tables, they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteem'd holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the Table therefore is call'd in *Plutarch* φιλίου Θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteem'd an inviolable obligation of friendship: And τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual Tokens; thus *Ulysses* here presents *Iphitus* with a sword and spear; *Iphitus Ulysses* with a bow. And the producing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality, between the persons themselves, and their descendents in following generations.

Nor

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Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
40 But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
45 The folding gates a dazling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
50 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
55 There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:

v. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This description presents us with a noble image; *Homer* introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the 24th of the *Iliad.*

*Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,*
*So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade.*



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Acros her knees she lay'd the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
60 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.
Behind, her train the pol'sh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.
65 Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air.
Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
70 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.

v. 57. *Acros her knees she laid the well-known bow,*
*And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.*]
The Bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belong'd to a belov'd person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a show'r of tears: And no doubt the exercise which the Suitors are to practise with the Bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of *Ulysses*, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

Who

75 Who first *Ulysses'* wond'rous bow shall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
80 And still to last, the vision of my night!
Graceful she said, and bade *Eumæus* show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.
85 *Philætius* too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. *Antinous* saw, and said.
Hence to your fields, ye rusticks! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
90 The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow——
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
95 That stubborn horn which brave *Ulysses* drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!

And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man!
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
Shall end thoſe hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus *Telemachus*. Some God I find
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;

v. 105. *Then thus* Telemachus. *Some God I find*, &c.] This ſpeech is not without greater obſcurity than is uſual in ſo clear a writer as *Homer*. M. *Dacier* has done it juſtice, and clearly opened the ſenſe of it in her paraphraſe. "Surely, ſays *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* has diſorder'd my underſtanding: I ſee my mother, "wiſe as ſhe is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a "ſecond marriage; and yet in theſe melancholy circumſtances, I "think of nothing but diverting my ſelf, and being an idle ſpec-"tator of this exerciſe of the Bow: No, no, this is not to be "ſuffer'd: You (the Suitors) uſe your utmoſt efforts to rob me of "*Penelope*, I will therefore uſe mine to retain her: A woman the "moſt excellent in any nation. But why do I praiſe her? you "know her worth; uſe therefore no pretext to defer the tryal of "the Bow, that we may come to an iſſue; I will try the Bow "with you; and if I ſucceed, then I will retain her as the prize of "the conqueſt; then ſhe ſhall not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: "Nor will *Penelope* abandon a ſon, who emulating his father, is "(like him) able to bear the prize from ſo many Antagoniſts.

This is the true meaning of the words of *Telemachus*; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embarraſs'd, and the connections a little obſcure; but this is done by the Poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry of mind in *Telemachus*, who fears for the fate of *Penelope*: Therefore the connection of the Periods is interrupted, to repreſent *Telemachus* ſtarting thro' eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

When

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When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then ye Suitors! and dispute a prize
110 Richer than all th' *Achaian* state supplies,
Than all proud *Argos*, or *Mycana* knows,
Than all our Isles or Continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.
115 No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the tryal——Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,
Then if no happy'r Knight the conquest boast,
120 I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my Father's strength, as well as throne.
He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
125 A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast.
(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
130 And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.



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Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour strait th' obedient Prince suppress,
And artful, thus the Suitor-train address.

v. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy*
*Beheld, but with a sign forbade*———]
It is not apparent at the first view why *Ulysses* prohibits *Telemachus* from drawing the Bow; but *Eustathius* gives sufficient reason for this conduct: It would have defeated his whole design, and render'd the death of the Suitors impracticable; for *Telemachus* had declar'd that he would retain *Penelope*, if he succeeded in the exercise of the Bow; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that Heroe and the Suitors, and bring matters unseasonably to extremity. The same Author assigns a second reason; *Ulysses* fears lest *Telemachus* by bending the Bow should make it more supple and flexible, and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the Suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have raised an emulation amongst them, and they would have apply'd the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as *Telemachus*; but his despair to effect it, makes them less sollicitous, the tryal being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observ'd that there is a very happy address made to *Telemachus* by *Homer*; He shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to *Ulysses*: Thus the Poet has found out a way to give *Telemachus* the Honour of the Victory without obtaining it; and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy presence of mind at once foresee the danger, and prevent it.

Oh

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Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!
140 (For heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure),
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,
Accept the tryal, and the prize contest.
145 He cast the bow before him and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, *Epitheus'* son
The bold *Antinous* to the rest begun.
" From where the goblet first begins to flow,
150 " From right to left, in order take the bow;
" And

v. 149. *From where the Goblet first begins to flow,*
*From right to left,* &c.]
*Antinous* makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is propos'd by *Antinous* by way of Omen, the right hand being reckon'd fortunate: But however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the Antients the cup was deliver'd towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand, and *Athenæus* thus interprets this passage in the first of the *Iliad*.

——— χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δεξιδέχατ' ἀλλήλους ———

Which, remarks that author, signifies ἐδεξιοῦντο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is express mention made of this practice, *Lib.* I. *v.* 597. of the *Iliad*.

——— θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν.
Ὠινοχοεῦν ———

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the scholiast rightly interprets it, Vulcan *deliver'd the bowl to all the Gods.*

This observation explains various passages in many antient authors.

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" And prove your several strengths—The Princes heard,
And first *Leoides*, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of *Oenops'* noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
155 He, only he of all the Suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er;
160 Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.

thors, as well as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey:* The Custom indeed is not of any great importance, but it is at least a curiosity, and valuable because antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which these persons drank, would by Antiquaries be thought inestimable; and the possession of an antient bowl is not quite so valuable as the knowledge of an antient custom.

v. 152. ——————Leiodes, *blameless Priest.*] The word in the original is θυοσκόος, a person who makes predictions from victims or from the smoke of the sacrifice. This *Leiodes*, the Poet tells us, sate next to the bowl; the reason of it, saith *Eustathius*, was because the Suitors fear'd lest poison should be mix'd in it, and they thought themselves safe thro' his care and inspection: but it may perhaps be a better reason to say, that he sate there in discharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds that this Prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reason may be because he was an enemy to the insolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their conversation; or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that his place was the first (for *Eustathius* explains μυχοτατος by πρῶτος and ἰσόνατος) and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make tryal according as they were seated, successively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.



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What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What Souls and Spirits shall it send below?
Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live.
165 With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain *Penelope* we sought?
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,

v. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?*
*What Souls, and Spirits*, &c.]
There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the Suitors by the Bow of *Ulysses*: but what follows, when the Prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die*, &c. The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between θυμος and ψυχη, *soul* and *spirit*: The Reader may turn to the note on *Lib.* 23. *v.* 92, 122. of the *Iliad*; and that on *Lib.* 11. *v.* 743. of the *Odyssey*, where an account is given of the notion of the Antients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in St. *Paul* to the *Hebrews*, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of* Soul *and* Spirit. *Heb.* iv. 12.

This *Leiodes* falls by the sword of *Ulysses* in the next book; but is it not injustice to take away the life of a Person who is here describ'd as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the Suitors, and dignify'd with Prophecy? It is easy to answer this objection; he is one of the Suitors to *Penelope*, as appears from his trying the Bow amongst the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involv'd in the general crime: This distinguishes his case from that of *Medon* and *Phemius*, whom *Ulysses* spares, it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of *Penelope*, whereas *Leiodes* endeavours to marry the Queen, which single act would exclude *Ulysses* from his own bed and dominions. Besides, if we would escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation.

And

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And send us with some humbler wife to live,
170 Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.
Thus speaking on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
175 To him *Antinous* thus with fury said,
What words ill omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
180 Because the Priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can——He ended there,
And bade *Melanthus* a vast pyle prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
185 With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.

Vain

v. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagin'd that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of the Wrestlers who observ'd that custom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be understood in the *Greek*, and that it is the Bow, not the Limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. *Eustathius* thus fully explains it; The lard is brought to make the Bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the Bow and render

Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great *Eurymachus* alone
And bold *Antinous*, yet untry'd, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confest
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The Masters of the herd and flock withdrew.

The

der it flexible. But *Eustathius* falls into an error about the seat that is brought by *Melanthius*: he imagines the Suitors sate while they drew the Bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fix'd upon the ground; whereas in reality the seat is brought, that they may sit while they chafe the Bow. *Homer* himself says, when *Leiodes* endeavours to draw it, that he stood up, ἀνίστατο, and again,

*He stood, and stepping forward try'd the bow.*

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἐδὸν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξῳ πειρήτιζεν

But how is this to be reconcil'd with the conduct of *Ulysses*, who is directly affirm'd to sit while he draws it?

——εἷλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδας·
Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο καθήμενος——

That circumstance is inserted to shew the great strength and dexterity of *Ulysses*, who is able to draw it in that disadvantageous posture: the Poet in every incident maintains his superiority.

v. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew*
*The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.*]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet observes the distribution of time; he distinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper space to every action. In this place the Poem goes forward while *Ulysses* withdraws to engage the assistance of *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Suitors are amus'd and employ'd about the Bow, while

195 The King obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the Court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild *Ulyſſes* ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
200 Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring God reſtore again
The loſt *Ulyſſes* to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your antient Lord?
205 *Philetius* thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty *Jove* reſtore that man again!

while *Ulyſſes* ſteals away from their obſervation, and returns without raiſing their jealouſy. The Poet likewiſe manages the time of the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* very judiciouſly; tho' he knew the fidelity of *Eumæus* and *Philætius*, yet he truſts them not with the knowledge of his Perſon, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound ſecrecy. But then is not this an imputation to *Penelope*, that he ſhould chuſe to diſcover himſelf to theſe two perſons, rather than to his Queen? The anſwer is, There was a neceſſity for his diſcovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their aſſiſtance in the future engagement, and makes good uſe of it; whereas a diſcovery made to the Queen could have been of no advantage, and might poſſibly have prov'd detrimental; beſides, this is a ſeaſon that requires expedition; and we find *Ulyſſes* complies with it, and is very conciſe in the diſcovery and interview with *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Poet therefore reſerves the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to *Penelope* to a time of more leiſure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his Poem with ſo eſſential an ornament with greater ſolemnity.

Theſe

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These aged sinews with new vigor strung.
In his blest cause shou'd emulate the young.
With equal vows *Eumæus* too implor'd
210 Each pow'r above, with wishes for his Lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began
Those vows the Gods accord: Behold the man!
Your own *Ulysses!* twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapless land:
215 At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If *Jove* this arm succeed,
220 And give yon' impious Revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young *Telemachus* attend,
225 And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye:
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with *Autolychus*'s sons, of yore,
On *Parnass'* top I chac'd the tusky boar.

His

230 His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous; and the scar expos'd:

Eager

v. 231. ——— *and the scar expos'd.*] *Aristotle* treating of the different sort of *Remembrances*, Chap. 17. of his *Poetics*, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former sort is simple and without art, which Poets use for want of invention; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body: The latter are either marks upon the body, or scars occasion'd by some accident, or tokens distinct from the Body, such as the Casket, &c. which *Plautus* and *Terence* use in the discovery of several persons in their Comedies: Of this latter kind is this scar of *Ulysses*; it is an adventitious remembrance, and these remembrances (continues *Aristotle*) may be used with more or less art: Thus in the case of this wound of *Ulysses*, it is us'd by *Homer* in a different way: *Euryclea*, Lib. 19. describes it accidentally; *Ulysses* here shews it to *Eumæus* and *Philætius* voluntarily; and it is certain that all those marks which a Poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually, and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth *Odyssey* is more ingenious than the second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery: it causes no surprize nor variety, neither is it produc'd by any art or invention: On the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, says *Dacier*, when *Aristotle* affirms that this present remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by necessity. *Ulysses* has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth Book; he is absolutely compelled to make it designedly, to engage *Eumæus* and *Philætius* in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real *Ulysses*. If therefore that Heroe shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establishment. I will only further observe the judgment of *Homer* in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding it in the compass of two verses: he had before enlarg'd upon the wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story: There is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; the

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Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears followed tears; no word was in their pow'r,
In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.
The King too weeps, the King too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise-man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough——on other cares your thought imploy,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty Suitors will deny the bow;

the urgency of the time demands it, for *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the Suitors.

v. 252. *At ev'ry portal,* &c.] This is a very necessary injunction: *Ulysses* fears not only lest any of the Suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the Suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance. *Eustathius.*

But



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250 But thou, *Eumæus*, as 'tis born away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
255 Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, *Philætius!* we consign
The court's main gate: To guard that pass be thine.
This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their King ordains.
260 Before the flame *Eurymachus* now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cause; for, oh my friends!
265 On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends?
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For *Greece* has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore)

But

v. 266. *Not the lost nuptials*———] No doubt but *Eurymachus* misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of *Penelope* of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: When we have us'd our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have fail'd in the attempt, the object immediately loses its value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easy under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very solicitous

But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
*Ulysses'* strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakness scorn? *Antinous* thus reply'd.
Not so, *Eurymachus:* That no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to *Phœbus* is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:

'Till

tous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed: The remedy for this disease of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the balance even in all our affairs, that the scale be not rais'd too high or depress'd too low.

v. 274. *Sacred to* Phœbus *is the solemn day.*] *Antinous* in this reply, speaks, as well as *Eurymachus*, with dissimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reason, and therefore invents a false one: The true reason why he defers the tryal of the Bow is, because he fears his inability to draw it: The feign'd reason is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be observ'd religiously, and he insinuates that all sports upon it are a prophanation of it; and consequently, *Apollo* being provok'd, disables them from drawing the Bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reason why he proposes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuse of the day by their diversions. But perhaps the reason why *Antinous* defers the exercise of the Bow to the following day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it on the festival of *Apollo*; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? I should therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by *Antinous*, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they begun the tryal, that he might prosper their endeavours: The conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable: "Let us now defer the "experiment, and offer sacrifice in the morning to *Apollo*, that he "may give us success in drawing the Bow;" which implies that

Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forgoe,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a rowe.
Now bid the Sew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
280 So end our night: Before the day shall spring,
The choicest off'rings let *Melanthius* bring;
Let then to *Phœbus*' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
285 (For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosie wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
290 That right compleat, up-rose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began.
If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

that they were unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. I will only add that *Antinous* mentions a goat as an offering to *Apollo*; we have before seen bulls, sheep and bullocks offered to that Deity; the reason why a goat is a proper victim, I suppose is because he is a rural God, and patron of shepherds, and therefore all kinds of beasts were offer'd to him promiscuously.

Chief

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Chief, if it hurt not great *Antinous'* ear,
295 (Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if *Eurymachus* the motion please;
Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it He, the favour'd of the skies!
300 But since 'till then, this tryal you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its antient force retain;
305 Or if my woes (a long-continu'd train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?
Rage flash'd in lightning from the Suitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
*Antinous* then: O miserable guest!
310 Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with Princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
315 To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:



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The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy ſtung,
*Pirithous'* roofs with frantick riot rung;

Boundleſs

v. 328. Pirithous' *roofs*, &c.] The ſtory of the *Centaur* is this: *Pirithous* a *Lapithite* marrying *Hippodamia* the daughter of *Adraſtus*, invited the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ* to his nuptials; the *Centaurs* drinking to great exceſs, and offering violence to the bride, engag'd them in a quarrel; *Eurytion* was the perſon who began the diſorder, and the war that enſued became fatal to the whole nation of the *Centaurs*. *Horace* alludes to this hiſtory.

*At nequis modici transſiliat munera liberi,*
*Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero*
*Debellata*———

The *Lapithites* were a people of *Theſſaly* inhabiting the mountains *Pindus* and *Othrys*; the *Centaurs* were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount *Pelion*. This war between the *Lapithites* and the *Centaurs* probably laſted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of *Pirithous*, and on the day that his ſon *Polypætes* was born, he obtain'd a deciſive victory over the *Centaurs*, and drove them from mount *Pelion*. Thus *lib.* 2. *v.* 900 of the *Iliad*.

*Thy troops* Argiſſa, Polypætes *leads*
*And* Eleon, *ſhelter'd by* Olympus' *ſhades;*
*Sprung from* Pirithous *of immortal race,*
*The fruit of fair* Hippodamé's *embrace,*
*That day when hurl'd from* Pelion's *cloudy head*
*To diſtant dens the ſhaggy* Centaurs *fled.*

This hiſtory is at large related by *Ovid*, *Metamorph.* 12. He calls *Eurytion* by the name of *Eurytus*, and deſcribes the nuptial feaſt in a cave, and not in the palace of *Pirithous*. Thus Mr. *Dryden:*

*In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,*
*Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade:*
*There one more brutal of the brutal brood,*
*Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,*

C

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Boundless the *Centaur* rag'd; 'till one and all
320 The Heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curst,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
325 Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where *Echetus* to death the guilty brings,
330 (The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of Kings)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.
To this the Queen her just dislike exprest:
'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the stranger-guest,
335 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect *Telemachus* may claim.
What if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?

*Or both at once; beheld with lustful eyes*
*The bride, at once, resolv'd to make his prize:*
*Down went the board; and fast'ning on her hair*
*He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair:*
*'Twas* Eurytus *began.*——



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Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
340 Accept a wand'ring stranger for my Lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his Princess with a thought so mean.
345 O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus *Eurymachus* rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmize, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
350 The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave Chief whose bow they cou'd not bend!
" In came a Beggar of the strolling crew,
" And did what all those Princes could not do.
355 Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.
To whom the Queen. If Fame ingage your views,
Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues;

Wrong

v. 357. ——— *If Fame engage your views,*
*Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues.*]
This answer of *Penelope* is very severe and very just: *Eurymachus* (observes *Dacier*) had said, If this beggar draws the bow, we shall lose our reputation: *Penelope* answers, It is in vain to be fol-
licitous

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Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
360 Know, Friend! that Virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if *Phœbus* give the day,
365 Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,

licitous about your reputation, when your lives are a ſeries of infamous actions: Fame is the reward of good, and ſhame the portion of baſe and unworthy deeds: It is no diſhonour to a Prince to be ſurpaſs'd by a Beggar in ſtrength, but a Prince is more infamous than a Beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worſe man; a baſe action ſinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in *Homer* are, τι ἔλεγχεα ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which *Euſtathius* thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater diſhonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds *Dacier*, the ſentiment is juſt and happy: Theſe Princes place diſgrace where it is not; they think it a ſhame to yield in ſtrength to this ſtranger, which is really no ſhame; meer ſtrength is the praiſe of a beaſt, not of a Prince: On the contrary, what is really a ſhame, they think to be none; they prey upon a King, who was a friend to all mankind, they act a thouſand inſolent and baſe deeds, and yet apprehend no diſcredit. This is an unhappy, and I wiſh it were an unjuſt, picture of human nature; we deceive our ſelves with falſe notions both of ſhame and glory, and we may apply the words of *Terence* to this purpoſe:

*——Hic ubi opus eſt*
*Non verentur: illic ubi opus eſt ibi verentur.*

Praiſe is only to be obtain'd by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: Ill-nature or envy may eclipſe it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.



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Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
370 Permit me (cries *Telemachus*) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No *Grecian* Prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that *Ithaca*'s rough hills contain,
And all wide *Elis*' courſer-breeding plain,
375 To me alone my father's arms deſcend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh Queen! thy houſhold task reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labors of the loom;

The

v. 377. *Retire, oh Queen!* &c.] This ſpeech has been accus'd of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſon to a mother: *Telemachus* ſpeaks with authority, when he ought to have ſhew'd obedience and filial duty. But theſe Criticks miſtake the deſign and intention of *Telemachus;* he ſpeaks directly to *Penelope*, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: It is for this reaſon that he ſays he is ſupreme in the palace, *viz.* to let them know that he will not give up the ſway into their pow'r. He tells *Penelope* that the Bow ſhall be uſed as he directs; this is done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to *Ulyſſes*, contrary to their injunctions to *Eumæus*.

The verſes are the ſame with thoſe in the 6th of the *Iliad*. There *Hector* ſpeaks to *Andromache*, a tender husband to a fond wife, and the ſpeech was never tax'd with any want of love and kindneſs. In that place *Hector* remembers that he is an husband, yet forgets not that he is an Heroe. In this, *Telemachus* deviates not from the duty of a ſon, yet ſpeaks in the character and ſtyle of a Prince.

*Euſtathius* excellently enlarges upon the words of *Telemachus*: There is an abſolute neceſſity that *Penelope* ſhould withdraw, that the

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The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
380 These cares to man belong, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as she set apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
385 On her *Ulysses* then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,

she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the Poet introduces *Minerva* casting her into a profound sleep, that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the Suitors: This is absolutely necessary; for if she had been acquainted that *Ulysses* was return'd, and the Suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between *Ulysses* and *Penelope* in the succeeding parts of the *Odyssey*.

But is not *Minerva* introduc'd upon too small an occasion, only to cast *Penelope* into a slumber? would not nature have work'd the same effect without the assistance of the Goddess? I have already remark'd that machines are not always used out of necessity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the Poetry and create surprise by the appearance of a Deity. But here the Poet brings down *Minerva*, to give credibility to the story; for tho' it be true that nature is sufficient to produce this effect, yet that it should operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occasion for it, is in some degree incredible: The Poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural sleep, occasion'd by the immediate operation of a Goddess.

v. 381. ——*the Queen admir'd*
*His sage reply*——]

*Penelope* is amaz'd at the free remonstrance of *Telemachus*; she is ignorant of the reason of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flow'd from a just cause, and not from a want of filial duty: she is therefore said by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time should unfold the mystery. *Dacier.*



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'Till gentle *Pallas*, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now thro' the preſs the bow *Eumæus* bore,
390 And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
395 To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and *Phœbus* lend the Suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold *Telemachus* thus urg'd him on.
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
400 What? hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive Suitors from my walls expell!
405 Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?

The

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The Suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
*Eumæus*, thus incourag'd, hastes to bring
410 The strife-full bow, and gives it to the King.
Old *Euryclea* calling then aside,
Hear what *Telemachus* enjoyns (he cry'd)
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
415 And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labors of the loom.

v. 407. *The Suitors with a scornful smile*, &c.] *Spondanus* believes they laugh out of contempt of *Telemachus*; *Dacier* because they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of *Penelope*; they hope to draw the Bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all these reasons (as well as those of *Eustathius*) seem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a sufficient reason of their laughter, from the sharpness of *Telemachus* towards *Eumæus*; they rejoice to see an enemy (for such they esteem *Eumæus*) misus'd, and this will likewise give a reason why the Poet adds that they ceas'd their anger against *Telemachus*, namely, because he gratifies their ill-will by threatning *Eumæus*.

v. 412. *Hear what* Telemachus *enjoins*, &c.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from *Telemachus* but *Ulysses*: It was *Ulysses* who gave directions to shut the door of the womens apartment; but *Eumæus* is ignorant that *Euryclea* was acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, and therefore speaks as from *Telemachus*. He knew very well that she would obey the orders of *Telemachus*, but if she had not been acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, she would have made some hesitation, believing the Beggar to be really a stranger and not *Ulysses*. *Eustathius*.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
420 Clos'd in an instant were the Palace gates.
In the same moment forth *Philatius* flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
The utmost gate. (the cable strongly wrought
Of *Byblos'* reed, a ship from *Egypt* brought)
425 Then unperceiv'd and silent, at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord.
And now his well-known bow the Master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;

Left

v. 423. ———(*the cable strongly wrought*
*Of* Byblos *reed,*———]
The word in the *Greek* is βύβλινον, which we are not to understand of the *Ægyptian Papyrus*, but it is deriv'd from βίλος or βύβλος, a plant growing in the marshes of *Ægypt*, βοτάνης ἐμφερὲς πυπύρῳ, that bears the resemblance of the *Papyrus*, as *Eustathius* explains it. Of this plant the Antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads resembling hair, and thus *Strabo* describes it, φυλλὰ ῥόδου ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα χαίτην, *a slender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it.*

v. 428. *Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inserted in vain: *Ulysses* is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the Bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it; if he had observ'd that it had been decay'd thro' time, his prudence would have furnish'd him with some other instrument. *Eustathius* is of opinion that this whole Bow was made of horn, because ἴπες denotes worms that breed in horn: The Bow, says that Author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the *Scythian* bows. This, it must be confess'd, is not entirely satisfactory, because the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn *Ulysses* may refer:

But

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Left time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
30 Its owner absent, and untry'd so long.
While some deriding——How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.——
135 Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.
Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
140 Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,

But the other opinion is most probable, and *Ovid* thus understood it:

*Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu*
*Quæ latus argueret* corneus arcus *erat.*

v. 440. *Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, &c.*] *Eustathius* confesses himself to be greatly pleas'd with this comparison; it is very just, and well suited to the purpose; the strings of the lyre represent the bow-string, and the ease with which the Lyrist stretches them, admirably paints the facility with which *Ulysses* draws the bow. When similitudes are borrow'd from an object entirely different from the subject which they are brought to illustrate, they give us a double satisfaction, as they surprize us by shewing an agreement between such things in which there seems to be the greatest disagreement.



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Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
445 So the great Maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
450 A general horror ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: the unfolding sky
In lightning burſt; *Jove* thunder'd from on high.

Fir'd

v. 448. ——— *the ſtring let fly*
*Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry*] The compariſon is not intended to repreſent the ſweetneſs of the ſound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harſh or jarring ſound, or ſomewhat rough, ὑπότραχυ, as *Euſtathius* interprets it; ſuch a ſound as the ſwallow makes when ſhe ſings by ſtarts, and not in one even tenour. The ſwallow is inharmonious and *Ariſtophanes* uſes χελιδόνων μουσῖα in his frogs, to ſignify thoſe who are enemies to the Muſes; and here the Poet uſes it to denote a ſhrill, harſh, or jarring ſound.

v. 452. *Signs from above enſu'd*———] The ſignal of battle is here given in thunder by *Jupiter*, as in the eleventh book of the *Iliad*.

*Ev'n* Jove, *whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd*
*Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.*

And again,

*That inſtant* Juno *and the martial maid*
*In happy thunders promiſ'd* Greece *their aid.*

This prepares us for the greatneſs of the following action, which is uſher'd in with thunder from heaven: And we are not ſurpriz'd

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Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty Lord,
455 He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death.)
Now ſitting as he was, the chord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
460 Then notch'd the ſhaft, releaſt, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and thredded ev'ry ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
465 Then to the Prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That antient vigor, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty Peers diſdain;
470 Now let them comfort their dejected train,

priz'd to ſee *Ulyſſes* defeat his enemies, when *Jupiter* declares himſelf in his favour, *Homer* calls this thunder a ſign and a prodigy: It is a ſign, becauſe it predicts the event; and a prodigy, becauſe the thunder proceeds from a ſerene ſky. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 467. ——— *nor have I loſt*
*That antient vigor* ———]

*Ulyſſes* ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of *Telemachus*, and his two friends, *Eumæus* and *Philætius*. He ſets his vigor before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement.



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In ſweet repaſte the preſent hour imploy,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night,
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid; then gave a nod; and at the word
*Telemachus* girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

v. 471. *In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour imploy,*
*Nor wait 'till ev'ning* ———]

This circumſtance is very neceſſary; *Ulyſſes* excites the Suitors to ſupper by day-light, becauſe it would be more eaſy for him to aſſault them while they ſate at table: the poſture would give him ſome advantage; and he adds *before ev'ning*, becauſe if they had ſupp'd by the light of the torch, upon extinguiſhing it, they had greatly embarraſs'd him, and perhaps render'd his deſigns ineffectual thro' the benefit of the darkneſs. Neither is it without reaſon that he propoſes ſinging and muſic; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealouſy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the aſſault unexpectedly, and begins the ſlaughter before they are prepar'd to make any oppoſition.

THE

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Ulysses by the assistance of Telemachus & two of their Shepherds defeats all the Suitors.

P. Fourdrinier sculp.

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# THE

# TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

## OF THE

# ODYSSEY.

The

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# The ARGUMENT.

## *The Death of the Suitors.*

Ulysses *begins the slaughter of the Suitors by the death of* Antinous. *He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest.* Telemachus *assists, and brings arms for his father, himself,* Eumæus *and* Philætius. Melanthius *does the same for the Wooers.* Minerva *encourages* Ulysses *in the shape of* Mentor. *The Suitors are all slain, only* Medon *and* Phemius *are spar'd.* Melanthius *and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their Master with all demonstrations of joy.*

THE

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# THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THEN fierce the Heroe o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;

Before

## NOTES.

We are now come to the great event or Catastrophe of the *Odyssey*, which is the Destruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been prais'd and censur'd, by some as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: It is therefore highly necessary to vindicate *Homer* in the chief action of the whole Poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact and draw his Heroe to the best advantage. The Objection made against this decisive action is, that the Poet makes *Ulysses* perform impossibilities; no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an

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5 Before his feet the ratling show'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the Suitor crew,

One

an hundred Enemies. It is no answer to say that *Pallas* descends to aid *Ulysses*, for it has been already prov'd, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengag'd from the action, that they may be substracted from it without destroying it; whereas this action is essential to it. No less a Critic than *Longinus*, Chap. 7. condemns *Homer*; for enumerating the faults of the *Odyssey*, he thus proceeds: "To these may be added "the absurdities he commits, in the account of the destruction of "*Penelope's* Suitors." And *Scaliger*, Lib. 5. of his *Poetics* is of the same opinion: *Ulysses interfecit arcu procos, inter quos & ipsum tantillum esset intervalli: Quare omnes simul in eum impetum non fecerunt?* The strength of this Objection lies in the omission of the Suitors in not rushing at once upon *Ulysses* in an united Body: Now this was impossible, he stood upon the threshold in a narrow pass, and by this advantage he was able to make it good against a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring instances of a like nature from undoubted history: *Cocles* alone defended the bridge over the *Tyber* against the whole army of *Porsena*, and stood unmoveable till the *Romans* broke it down behind him. And *Leonidas* the *Spartan* General defended the Pass of *Thermopyla* with a small number, against three millions of *Persians* led by *Xerxes*; and if he had not been betray'd, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both these instances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between *Ulysses* and the Suitors. The Reader will be reconcil'd to the probability of these relations, if he considers that the whole business of war was antiently decided by mere strength of body: Fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer Level; but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest Heroe; a man of superior and uncommon strength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident that *Homer* scarce transgresses the bounds of historic truth, when he describes *Achilles* chasing whole squadrons of *Trojans*: He wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, tho' sometimes he improv'd a feature to give grace to the picture of his Heroe: Thus in the Scripture, from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single *Goliah* defy the whole armies of *Israel*.

*Rapin*

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One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, Princes! yet remains to play;

Another

*Rapin* commends the conduct of *Homer* in bringing about the destruction of the Suitors. The unravelling the whole *Odyssey* (says that Author) by their Deaths, is very great, and very becoming an Heroe; that whole story is dress'd up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here *Homer* has display'd himself to the best advantage. I wish *Rapin* had given his reasons, and not run into a general commendation: But we shall be sufficiently convinc'd of the judgment of *Homer* in describing the Suitors falling chiefly by *Ulysses*, if we consider the nature of Epic Poetry. The chief action is to be perform'd by the Heroe of the Poem: thus *Hector* falls by *Achilles*, *Turnus* by *Æneas*: The death of the Suitors is the chief action of the *Odyssey*, and therefore it is necessarily to be executed by *Ulysses*; for if any other person had perform'd it, that person would have done an action more noble than the Heroe of the Poem, and eclipsed his glory. It is for the same reason that the Poet refuses all easie methods to re-establish *Ulysses*: he throws him into difficulties which he is to surmount by his own prowess and magnanimity. *Homer* might easily have rais'd an army, and plac'd *Ulysses* at the head of it; but the more difficult way being most conducive to his honour, he rejects all easie methods, shews him struggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himself personally by his wisdom and courage. By these means he compleats the character of his Heroe, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the Spectators, and makes him go off the stage with the utmost applause.

V. 1. *Then fierce the Heroe o'er the threshold strode,* &c.] *Plato* was particularly struck with the beauty of these lines: In his Dialogue intituled *Ion*, p. 145. *Socrates* thus speaks: "When "you repeat the Verses of *Homer* emphatically, and ravish the "whole Audience, whether it be the passage where he sings how "*Ulysses* leaps upon the threshold, discovers himself to the Suitors, and pours his arrows before his feet; or where *Achilles* "rushes upon *Hector*; or where he paints the Lamentations of "*Hecuba*, *Priam*, or *Andromache*; tell me, are you any longer "master of your own passions? are you not transported? and ravish'd with divine fury, think your self present at the very actions, "either in *Ithaca* or *Troy*?" It must indeed be allow'd, that

*Homer*

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Another mark our arrow must attain.
10 *Phœbus* assist! nor be the labour vain,

Swift

*Homer* here paints to the Life; we see *Ulysses*, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onset. The Poet interests us in the cause of his Heroe, and we fight on his side against his enemies.

*Eustathius* observes that instead of ῥάχος the *Æolians* wrote βράκος; an observation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of *Sappho* as a proof of it.

Τὶς δ' ἀγροιώτις δέλγαι νοῦν
Ὄυκ ἐπιςαμένη τὰ βράκια ἕλκειν
Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;——

which he thus explains,

*What rustic beauty dress'd in awkward charms*
*Detains my lover from his* Sappho's *arms?*

The circumstance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inserted without a reason; *Ulysses* could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the Quiver.

v. 10. Phœbus *assist!*] *Ulysses* addresses a pray'r to *Apollo* to give success to his present enterprize; he directs it to him, because he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to *Apollo* confirms my observation, that *Penelope* propos'd the tryal of the Bow in honour of that Deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the *Iliad*, Lib. 4.

*But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow*
*To* Lycian Phœbus *with the silver bow;*
*And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay,*
*On* Zelia's *altars, to the God of day.*

It

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Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, *Antinous*, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
15 Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers by a single hand.
Full thro' his throat *Ulysses'* weapon past,
20 And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breaches his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;

Grim

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of *Ulysses*, as well as the prayer, is concise: It would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have preface'd the onset with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

v. 18. *And Fate to numbers by a single hand.*] This particular is very artful; the Poet while he writes, seems to be surpriz'd at the difficulty of the enterprize he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it sets the courage of *Ulysses* in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility; and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible; for *Homer* appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet establishes the probability of it. *Eustathius.*

v. 22. *A stream of gore burst spouting* ———] The word in the original is αὐλὸς, which commonly signifies a pipe or musical instrument: The Antients (observes *Eustathius*) used it to denote

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Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
25 And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
30 Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'st thou at Princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
35 Vultures shall tear thee——Thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke,

Blind

note a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood, κρουνὸς ἐξακίσισμα αἵματος, the word therefore very happily paints the blood spouting from the Nostrils, as from a fountain; and in this sense, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood sprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the nostrils.

v. 35. ——*thus incens'd they spoke,*
*While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke.*]

This passage was look'd upon as spurious by the Antients; for they thought it impossible that all the Suitors should speak the same sentiment, as by compact, like a *Chorus* in a Tragedy: they appeal'd to the custom of *Homer* himself, who continually wrote

Ὧδε τις εἴπεσκεν.

*Eustathius*

Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, *Ulysses* spoke.
Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
*Ulysses* vengeful from the *Trojan* shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:

*Eustathius* answers, that the Poet speaks thus confusedly, to represent the confusion of the Suitors at the death of *Antinous*. *Dacier* defends him by saying, that all the Suitors imagin'd that *Antinous* was slain by accident, and therefore the whole assembly having the same sentiment, the Poet might ascribe to every member of it the same expression. Either of these solutions explains the difficulty.

v. 42. Ulysses *vengeful from the* Trojan *shore.*] The mention of the return of *Ulysses* from *Troy* is not inserted casually: He speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he perform'd before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from *Troy* near ten years, and returns from the *Phæacian*, not the *Trojan* shores. *Eustathius.*



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The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending Fate is yours, and instant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
55 Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold *Eurymachus* reply'd,
If, as thy words import, (he thus began)
*Ulysses* lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
60 In thy spoil'd Palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust *Antinous* bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
65 These were his aims, but juster *Jove* deny'd.

Since

v. 64. *To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expression is judiciously inserted, and with good reason put into the mouth of one of the Suitors, namely *Eurymachus.* The Poet is now punishing them for their crimes; it is therefore very necessary that the Reader should be satisfy'd that they deserve punishment; for if it be not an act of justice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confessing themselves guilty by the mouth of *Eurymachus*; their crime is the intended murder of *Telemachus*, and the usurpation of the throne of *Ulysses.* If this had not been set in a clear light, there might have been room for a suspicion that *Ulysses* inflicted a punishment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deserv'd death, to aim at the marriage of *Penelope?* this is not to be suppos'd; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime ask her in marriage.

Was

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Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince ſhall pay:
70 The waſte of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is juſt——*Ulyſſes* burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd.
All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
75 If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each Suitor lies.
Hence with thoſe coward terms; Or fight or fly,
80 This choice is left ye, to reſiſt or die;

Was death due for the waſte and profuſion of the riches of *Ulyſſes*? This might have been redreſs'd, by a full repayment, and a juſt equivalent. *Homer* therefore, to ſhew that there is a cauſe for the ſeverity of the puniſhment, ſets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treaſon. The place likewiſe where he inſerts this circumſtance is well choſen, *viz.* in the place where the puniſhment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. 'Tis true, *Eurymachus* throws the guilt upon *Antinous* as the chief offender; but all the Suitors have been his aſſociates, and approv'd of all his violent and bloody deſigns thro' the *Odyſſey*, and therefore are juſtly involv'd in the ſame puniſhment; ſo that *Ulyſſes* puniſhes rebellious ſubjects by the authority of a King. *Homer* likewiſe obſerves juſtice in the death of *Antinous*; he is the firſt in guilt, and the firſt that falls by his Heroe's hands.

And die I trust ye shall.——He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone *Eurymachus* exhorts the train:
Yon Archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
85 But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry Prince lie dead.
Be mindful of your selves, draw forth your swords,
And to your shafts obtend these ample boards,
(So need compells.) Then all united strive
90 The bold invader from his post to drive;
The City rouz'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad Archer soon have shot his last.
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traytor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his Lord:

v. 88. *And to his shafts obtend these ample boards.*] *Eurymachus* exhorts the Suitors to make use of the tables to oppose *Ulysses* in the manner of shields; from whence, observes *Eustathius*, it may be gather'd, that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirm'd from this book; for when *Amphinous* falls, he overturns a Table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown: besides he speaks in the plural number, πραπέζας.

v. 91. *The City rouz'd shall to our rescue haste.*] It is impossible but that the Suitors must have many friends amongst the *Ithacans*. Interest or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the sense of *Homer*: The *Ithacans* were ignorant that *Ulysses* was return'd, and no wonder therefore if they engag'd in defence of the Princes of their land, against a stranger and a beggar; for such in appearance was *Ulysses*.

The

95 The wary Chief the rushing foe repreſt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His failing hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mixt effuſion roll
100 Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver paſt the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.
105 Next bold *Amphinomus* his arm extends
To force the paſs: the god-like man defends.
Thy ſpear, *Telemachus!* prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,

Thence

v. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] *Euſtathius*, and *Spondanus* from him, interpret this paſſage very much to the diſadvantage of the courage of *Telemachus*: They obſerve that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the ſhoulders: That as ſoon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the ſpear in the wound; an action as diſreputable, as to throw away the ſhield in battle; and laſtly, that it is fear that ſuggeſts to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be diſtant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* was aſſaulting *Ulyſſes*, and conſequently his back was turn'd towards *Telemachus*, and this occaſions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are obſerv'd; *Telemachus* was therefore at liberty to deſtroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; eſpecially conſidering the inequality of the parties.



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Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his Sire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries)

Lo

parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear; but from a dictate of wisdom: he is afraid lest some of the Suitors should attack him while he is disingaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence; besides, he has no farther occasion for it, he hastes away to provide other arms; not only for himself, but for *Ulysses* and his friends; and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

There is some difficulty in the expression προπρήνεϊ τύψας, the meaning of it is, Lest he should receive a descending blow: The word is an adjective, and *Eustathius* tells us that χειρὶ is to be understood; I should rather chuse φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes; it being as good sense to say, A wound is given by a descending sword, as a descending hand.

v. 117. ——*arm (in haste he cries)*] *Homer* almost constantly gives the epithet πτερόεντα to ἔπεα; *winged words*. *Plutarch* in his treatise upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (says that Author) while it remains unspoken is a secret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reason why *Homer* calls words *winged*: He that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not easily catch it again; and he that lets a word slip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in some passages a still closer meaning; when a person speaks with precipitation, the epithet expresses the swiftness of the speech, the words are wing'd;

*Lo* hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield;
120 Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (*Ulysses* made reply)
*While* yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encountred by an host,
125 Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.
With speed *Telemachus* obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his Sire he bears:
130 At once in brazen Panoply they shone,
*At once* each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their King a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand.
Chief after Chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
135 And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:

And

It is here apply'd with particular propriety; *Telemachus* asks a question in the compass of four lines, and receives an answer in two from *Ulysses*; the time not allowing any delay.

v. 137. *Against the wall he set the bow unbent.*] The Poet may be thought too circumstantial in the disposal of the bow; but there



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And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield;
140 He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.

A double

there is a reason for it; he shews *Ulysses* plac'd it out of the reach of the Suitors, who, if they had seized the bow, might have furnished themselves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them against *Ulysses:* This caution was therefore necessary. *Eustathius.*

v. 142. *There stood a window near, whence looking down,*
*From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.*]

The word in the *Greek* is ὀρσοθύρη, *janua superior*, and it is likewise used a little lower. It has given great trouble to the Commentators to explain the situation of these two Passages. *Dacier* imagines that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard and so to the street; but this cannot be true: For *Agelaüs* exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word ἀναβάνω, which signifies to *ascend*, and not to *descend* into the court-yard: Besides, he bids them raise the people by *shouting to them*, which seems to imply, that this place overlook'd the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. Ὀρσοθύρη (observes *Eustathius*) is θύρη εἰς ἣν ὄρνυται τὶς θέλων ἰδεῖν ἐκεῖθεν, that is, *a door by which a person ascends to obtain a prospect:* This probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street, from whence a person standing in the open air and shouting might raise the City; or as for greater clearness it is here translated a window, which answers all these purposes.

But there is still a difficulty arising from the word λαύρη, which is thus solved by *Eustathius*, λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρσοθύρην ἄγων στενωπός, that is, a narrow passage leading to this private window or door, and he afterwards interprets it by στενὸς ὁδός.

From what has been observ'd, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by *Eumaeus*, and was inaccessible, and consequently *Melanthius* conveys the arms to the Suitors by some other stair-

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A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
145 A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious King, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd *Eumæus* there:
When *Agelaus* thus: Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
150 The neighbour town? the town shall force the door
And this bold Archer soon shall shoot no more.
*Melanthius* then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.

stair-case. This *Homer* expresses by ἀναβαθμοὺς μεγάρου; the former word is very well explained by *Hesychius*, it signifies the passages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διόδοι of the apartments. Ῥωγὴ properly denotes a rupture, and here represents the openings of the passages from room to room. The Antients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace, as *Eustathius* informs us; in this they figur'd the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But *Dacier* starts another difficulty: If *Melanthius* could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because the arms were plac'd in an inward apartment, and there was no passage from thence into the palace-yards. Her mistake arose from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the ὀρσοθύρη, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed *Telemachus* had brought down the arms this way, then there must have been a passage for *Melanthius* to the place from whence *Agelaus* bids him raise the city; for if *Telemachus* had passed to the armory by it, why might not *Melanthius* from it? But this is not the case; for this door or window is not mentioned till *Telemachus* has furnished *Ulysses* and his Friends with armour; and consequently *Homer* cannot intend that we should understand that *Telemachus* ascended to the armory by it.



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But other methods of defence remain,
155 My ſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the Prince and King.
He ſaid; and mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
160 All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The Heroe ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On ev'ry ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
165 *Melanthius* or the women have betray'd——
Oh my dear ſon!——The father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
170 My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.

v. 159. *Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] *Ariſtarchus*, remarks *Euſtathius*, blamed this deſcription as incredible; for how could one perſon be able to carry ſuch a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this ſuppoſition; the Poet ſpeaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that *Melanthius* brought them at ſeveral times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furniſh the reſt of the Suitors.

Run

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Run good *Eumæus* then, aad (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
175 Or (as my thought misgives) by *Dolius'* son.
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain.
Not unobserv'd. *Eumæus* watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd *Ulysses* near his side.
180 The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?

v. 172. *Run good* Eumæus, *&c.*] This passage, where *Telemachus* bids *Eumæus* go and see who brings the arms, proves that *Telemachus* did not before absent himself from the battle out of cowardice; Here he chuses to partake the danger with *Ulysses*, and sends *Eumæus* and *Philetius* to execute his orders; a sign that he does not consult his safety at the expence of his honour. *Eustathius.*

But it may seem extraordinary, that *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* should be in doubt to know the person who brought the arms to the Suitors; especially when *Agelaus* had held a publick conference with *Melanthius* in order to it; but, answers *Eustathius*, they spoke with a low voice, and at a proper distance from *Ulysses*. It may also be objected that *Melanthius* could not possibly bring the arms without the observation of *Ulysses* and his friends. To solve this difficulty we must have recourse to the second private door, or ὀρσοθύρη, mentioned in a former annotation: by this passage he ascends and descends without a discovery; that passage standing in such a situation, as not to be visible to those who were on the opposite side of the palace. What may seem to contradict this observation is, what *Homer* afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that *Eumæus* observ'd that the person who brought the arms was *Melanthius*; but that expression may only imply, that he saw *Melanthius* going from the rest of the company, and hasting toward that ascent, and therefore justly concludes him to be the Person.



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Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?
Not so (reply'd *Ulysses*) leave him there,
185 For us sufficient is another care:
Within the stricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
190 On this, his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend;
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,
195 As round the room in quest of arms he goes:
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)

v. 187. *To keep inclos'd his masters*———] It may be ask'd, when *Eumæus* retires from the guard of the passage, what hinders the Suitors from seizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What *Ulysses* here says obviates this objection. He tells *Eumæus*, that he and *Telemachus* will defend it against all the efforts of his enemies: By this expression he gives us to understand, that *Telemachus* shall post himself in the place of *Eumæus*, and make it good till he has executed justice upon *Melanthius*.

One

One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old *Laertes* wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
200 The brass corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt;
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
205 Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil
At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
210 The howling felon swung from side to side.

v. 197. *One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield.*] We see *Melanthius* after a diligent search finds only one helm and one shield; and the shield is described as almost spoil'd with age: From hence *Eustathius* gathers that there were no more left in the armory; for it is probable that *Melanthius* would not have return'd with so few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decay'd shield, if he could have supply'd himself with a stronger; so that all the arms of *Ulysses* were seventeen helmets, twelve at first deliver'd to the Suitors by *Melanthius*, one more he was now bringing, and *Ulysses* and his friends were in possession of four: There were the same number of shields, and twenty spears, twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the assistants of *Ulysses*. This was his private armory for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that these were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a publick repository for armour for the publick use of their armies against their enemies.



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*Eumæus* ſcoffing, then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, oh gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
215 So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the Suitors feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dang'rous poſt
220 Near great *Ulyſſes*; Four againſt an hoſt.
When lo! deſcending to her Heroe's aid
*Jove*'s daughter *Pallas*, War's triumphant maid:
In *Mentor*'s friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
*Ulyſſes* ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd,
225 Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend;
Oh ev'ry ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
What-e'er thro' life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
230 And aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of *Pallas* latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt loud-threatning, *Agelaüs* cry'd.

*Mentor*

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235 *Mentor* beware, nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend *Ulysses* aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire's and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay,
240 Then lop thy whole posterity away;
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.
His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
245 Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires.
Art thou *Ulysses?* where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?

That

v. 246. *Art thou* Ulysses, &c.] *Pallas* is here an allegorical Deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by *Ulysses* in the destruction of the Suitors: The Poet puts the words into the mouth of a Goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his Poetry; but they are only the suggestions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: The Poet indeed was obliged to introduce a Deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole Poem: Thus *Jupiter* assists *Æneas* in *Virgil*; *Minerva*, *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, and the same Goddess *Ulysses* here in the *Odyssey*. I very well know that all these passages have been blam'd by some Critics, as derogatory to the courage of these Heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but thro' the assistance of a Deity. The Reader may be pleas'd to look back for a full vindication of *Homer* and *Virgil*, to *Lib.* 3. *Note* 43. of the *Odyssey*.

We

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That courage, once the *Trojans* daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by Heroes dead?
250 And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of *Priam*'s race, and lay'd proud *Troy* in dust?
If this when *Helen* was the cause, were done,
What for thy country now, thy Queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
255 Observe what vigour Gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, with-held the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
260 And level'd pois'd the wings of Victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unpereeiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.

Da-

We may observe that a Deity descends to assist *Ulysses*, but that the Suitors are left to their own Conduct: This furnishes us with a very just and pious moral, and teaches us that Heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies.

v. 262. *Perch'd like a swallow*———] We have seen the Deities, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, changing themselves into the shape of birds: thus, *Lib.* 7. *v.* 67. of the *Iliad*,

*Th' Athenian maid, and glorious God of day*
*With silent joy the settling hosts survey,*
*In form like vultures, on the beech's height*
*They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.*

This

*Damastor*'s son, bold *Agelaus*, leads
265 The guilty war; *Eurynomus* succeeds;
With these, *Pisander* great *Polyctor*'s son,
Sage *Polybus*, and stern *Amphimedon*,
With *Demoptolemus*: these six survive,
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
270 Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand,
Thus *Agelaus* rouz'd the lagging band.
The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding Princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! *Mentor* leaves him with an empty boast;
275 The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach *Ulysses*' heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain.

This perhaps may be the occasion of all such fictions. The superstition of the heathen world induc'd the Antients to believe that the appearance of any Bird in a critical hour, was a sign of the presence of a Divinity, and by degrees they began to persuade themselves, that the Gods appear'd to them in the form of those birds. Hence arose all the honours paid to Augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds: and almost every Deity had a bird sacred to him. The Eagle to *Jupiter*, the Peacock to *Juno*, &c. *Pallas* here takes the form of a swallow, because it is a domestic Bird, and therefore may be said to appear within the walls of the palace with most probability,

Then

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280 Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they slew;
In vain! *Minerva* turn'd them in her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
285 One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;
The storm past innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
290 That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great *Demoptolemus*, *Ulysses* slew;
*Euryades* receiv'd the Prince's dart;
295 The Goatherd's quiver'd in *Pisander*'s heart;
Fierce *Elatus* by thine, *Eumæus*, falls;
Their fall in thunder eechoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.

Again

v. 298. ——— *the Victors now advance.*
*Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.*]
The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, *Ulysses* advances from his stand: There was a necessity for this conduct: *Ulysses* and his three assistants had kill'd four enemies

300 Again the foe discharge the steely show'r;
Again made frustrate by the virgin pow'r.
Some, turn'd by *Pallas*, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
305 Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold *Amphimedon* his jav'lin cast;
Thy hand *Telemachus*, it lightly raz'd;
And from *Ctesippus'* arm the spear glanc'd
On good *Eumaus'* shield and shoulder glanc'd;
310 Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and drop'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, *Eurydamas*, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by *Ulysses'* spear.
By the bold son *Amphimedon* was slain:
315 And *Polybus* renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude *Ctesippus* bled,
And thus *Philetius* gloried o'er the dead.
There end thy pompous vaunts, and high disdain;
Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!

mies with their spears; and consequently the Poet was obliged to supply them with fresh weapons, otherwise, if they had discharged their spears once more, they must have been left naked and defenceless, having only two a-piece brought by *Telemachus*. This observation shews the exactness which *Homer* maintains in his relation.

How

320 How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th'event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.
*Ulysses* brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
325 And *Demoptolides* that instant fell;
Fast by, *Leocritus* expiring lay,
The Prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
330 Now *Pallas* shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;

v. 323. *The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.*] This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the *Odyssey*, where *Ctesippus* throws the foot of a bullock at *Ulysses*. *Philetius* here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. *Eustathius* informs us that this became a Proverb, τοῦτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξυνίιον, to express a return of evil for evil; the like may be observed of the death of *Antinous*, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

Which is exactly render'd by our Proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.* Thus likewise the kindness of *Cyclops* was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility; that Monster having promis'd *Ulysses* mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him last. These little instances prove the great veneration the Antients had for *Homer*.

The

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The dreadful *Ægis* blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling,
335 Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.

Not

v. 332. *The dreadful Ægis*———] This shield is at large describ'd, *Lib.* 5. of the *Iliad.*

———*round the margin roll'd,*
*A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold:*
*Here all the terrors of grim war appear;*
*Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear;*
*Here storm'd Contention, and here fury frown'd,*
*And the dire orb portentous* Gorgon *crown'd.*

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the Poet into a kind of Beings, and animated to fight on the side of his Heroe.

v. 335. *Like oxen,* &c.] The fury of the battle being now over, *Homer* pauses with the action; and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrors they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The Gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of *Ulysses* and his assistants, the Hawks their courage, and superior pow'r. *Eustathius. Virgil* at large describes this Breeze fly: *Georg.* 3.

*About th'* Alburnian *groves, with holly green,*
*Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:*
*This flying plague, to mark its quality,*
Oestros *the* Grecians *call,* Asylus, *we:*
*A fierce loud buzzing Breeze: their stings draw blood;*
*And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,*
*Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry,* &c. Dryden.

This

Not half so keen, fierce vulturs of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race.

When

This description shews that this is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and *Ulysses* wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the Hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the antient manner of that sport. It is evident, says *Dacier*, that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practis'd by the Antients: The nets call'd by *Homer* νίφεα, were fix'd in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks; Then the Hawk or Vultur was loos'd, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: This is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: A plain indication, that the Poet intended to describe the sportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word νίφεα signifies *Nets*, is evident from *Aristophanes*, μὰ νφίλας, μὰ δίκτυα, that is, *I swear by my nets: Hesychius* is of the same opinion, νίφεα, says that Author, signifies the *Clouds*, καὶ λίνα θηρατικὰ, *Hunters Nets*. *Eustathius* directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practised in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was call'd νφιλοθασία. That Author construes these words νίφεα πλώσσουσαι ἴσῃσι, as if ὑπὸ were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining νίφεα with πλώσσουσαι the period will be plain, and signify, that thro' fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monsieur *Dacier* has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the Antients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of *Homer*: This is manifest from a passage in *Arrian, lib.* 2. *c.* 1. where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: Λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν ὅτε φοβοῦνται φεύγουσαι εἰς ἔλαφοι τὰ πίνακα, καὶ τὰ τρόπαια; καὶ πρὸς τινὰ (τίπτον) ἀναχωροῦσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, καὶ ὅτως ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερὰ καὶ τὰ θαῤῥαλέα; "For what remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the birds "that are flown at them, what course do they take? To what "place

When the wide field extended snares beset,
340 With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:
No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
345 Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
*Liodes* first before the victor falls:
The wretched Augur thus for mercy calls.

O gracious

" place of refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets, and so " perish, mistaking their danger for their greatest safety." *Minerva* in this similitude is the bird of prey descending from the mountain, for she it is who scatters the Suitors by displaying her *Ægis* from the roof of the palace: This is the opinion of *Eustathius:* But in the winding up of the comparison, *Homer* plainly by the vultur denotes *Ulysses* and his assistants (tho' perhaps not exclusively of the Goddess) for in the application he writes:

*Ὡς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπεσσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα*
*Τύπτον.*——————

v. 347. Liodes *first before the Victor falls:*
*The wretched Augur*——————]

This *Liodes* is the last person who survives of the Suitors; he was an Augur and a Prophet, and ought therefore to have follow'd wiser counsels: He tells *Ulysses* that he endeavour'd to restrain the Suitors from their insolence; but he himself aspir'd to the bed of *Penelope*, and consequently was an associate in their conspiracies. *Liodes* falls without resistance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have represented him encountring *Ulysses* in a single combat, when above an hundred had not been able to stand before him: besides, fighting is out of the character of *Liodes;*

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O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
350 Still undishonour'd or by word or deed
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
355 Oh spare an Augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.
Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against *Ulysses* have thy vows been made;
360 For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which *Agelaus'* dying hand forsook;
365 Full thro' his neck the weighty faulchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.
*Phemius* alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
*Phemius* the sweet, the heav'n-instructed bard.

*Liodes*; he was not a man of the sword, but an Augur: It would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging *Ulysses*; and consequently it is with great propriety that he is describ'd falling not as a warrior, but as a suppliant.

Beside

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Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands;
370 The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To *Jove*'s inviolable altar nigh,

Where

v. 372. *Dubious——————if to fly*
*To* Jove's *inviolable altar nigh*, &c.]
This altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* ſtood in the Palace-yard; ſo call'd from ἕρκος, *the out-wall encloſing the Court-yard.* It ſtood in the open air, where they ſacrific'd to *Jupiter* the Guardian, or Protector; and within the Palace to Ζεὺς ἑρκεῖος.

*Jupiter* was worſhipp'd under the ſame name by the *Romans.* Thus *Ovid,*

*Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis.*

The Altar mention'd by *Virgil, Æneid.* 2. was of the ſame nature: To which *Priam* fled at the taking of *Troy.*

*Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there ſtood in view*
*An Altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,*
*Dodder'd with age; whoſe boughs encompaſs round*
*The houſhold Gods, and ſhade the holy ground.*

Theſe Altars were places of ſanctuary, and by flying to them the perſon was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in ſome caſes inviolable. The ſame practice prevail'd amongſt the *Jews*, for we find frequently in the ſcriptures that it was cuſtomary to fly to the Altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expreſſion of laying hold on the horns of the Altar. This is the reaſon why *Phemius* entertains an intention to fly to the Altar of *Jupiter Hercæus. Plutarch*, in his treatiſe upon Muſic, informs us, that *Damodocus* was reported to have wrote a Poem, intitled, *The deſtruction of* Troy: And *Phemius* another, call'd *The return of the* Grecian *Captains:* But by theſe Poets, *Homer* probably means only himſelf, who was Author of two Poems, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyſſey. Homer* (remarks *Euſtathius*) plainly ſhews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were neceſſary to form a good



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Where oft *Laertes* holy vows had paid,
And oft *Ulysses* smoking victims laid.

His

Poet. He must sing of men and Gods: that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things, both human and divine; he must be αὐτοδίδακτος, or *self-taught*; that is, as we express it, he must be a Genius; he must have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improv'd, but not capable of being learn'd, by study: He adds, that besides this felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration; this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtain'd by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heav'n. Thus *Pindar*,

——σοφὸς ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ.
Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι
Παγγλωσσίᾳ κόρακες ὤς,
Ἀκραντα γαρύετον.

*The bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,*
*Receive from nature more than human fires;*
*In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,*
*Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.*

This is the *Mens Divinior* of *Horace*: By industry men may become great Scholars and Philosophers; but no man was ever a great Poet, without being in the strictest sense a great Genius. I will only add, that *Aristotle* in his *Rhet*. 1. 7. quotes this Hemistic αὐτοδίδακτος, &c. as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquir'd abilities; he gives the reason of it; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtain'd by human industry. *Maximus Tyrius* has a criticism upon it. How (objects that Author) can it be said that the Poet is self-taught, if the Gods teach him to sing? The answer is easy, *Homer* means that he has no human instructor, and only opposes natural to acquir'd abilities. It is observable that *Maximus Tyrius* erroneously quotes the verse. *Dissert*. 22. for he writes, Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ὤπασαν ὀμφὴν, instead of

——Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἴμας
Παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν——

He

His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.
O King! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the Poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and Men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone
The genuine seeds of Poesy are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,
To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the Poet, and thy self reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay
Nor servile flatt'ry stain'd the moral lay.

He likewise puts the words in the mouth of *Demodocus*, which are here spoken by *Phemius*; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What *Homer* adds after all this, to raise the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he served or entertain'd unworthy men, but was merely compell'd to it by their violence.



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The moving words *Telemachus* attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
395 Oh mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head;
*Medon* the herald too our arms may ſpare,
*Medon*, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
400 Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy *Medon* lay,
Wrapt in a new-ſlain Oxe's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his skreen aſide,
405 Sprung to the Prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:
O Prince! O Friend! lo here thy *Medon* ſtands;
Ah ſtop the Heroe's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood,
410 Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.
To whom *Ulyſſes* with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;

Live,

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Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
415 Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires——With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
420 To the bright altars of Protector *Jove.*
Mean-while *Ulysses* search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.

v. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read*
*How much more safe the good than evil deed.*]
The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the *Odyssey* is, to shew virtue, tho' long in distress, at length triumphant; and vice, tho' long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion: It is to this effect that *Ulysses* here speaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here plac'd by *Homer:* The punishment is no sooner over but *Ulysses* declares the equity of it; he speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth that virtue is to be prefer'd before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the Suitors.



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425 So, when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant, and gaſp in thinner air;
430 Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiff'ning prey
Till the warm ſun exhales their ſoul away.
And now the King commands his ſon to call
Old *Euryclea*, to the deathful hall:
The ſon obſervant not a moment ſtays;
435 The aged Governeſs with ſpeed obeys:
The ſounding portals inſtant they diſplay;
The matron moves, the Prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the ſtern *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
All black with duſt and cover'd thick with blood.

So

*v.* 425. *So, when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train*
*Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.*]
The Antients, remarks *Euſtathius*, obſerv'd that this is the only place where *Homer* manifeſtly ſpeaks of catching fiſh with nets; For thoſe words, *lib.* 5. *v.* 595. of the *Iliad*,

*——— and ſweep away*
*Sons, Sires, and Wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey;*

which in the *Greek* is expreſs'd by ἀμφὶς λίνα ἀλοάων πανάγρῳ, may be apply'd to the taking of beaſts or birds by nets, and conſequently ought not to be appropriated to fiſhing. Thus it is evident that this art was practis'd very antiently amongſt the *Grecians*; it was likewiſe known early to the *Hebrews* and *Ægyptians*.

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440 So the grim Lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
445 The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The Heroe check'd her, and compos'dly said,
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.

*ans.* Thus *Isaiah* xix. 8. *The fishers* (of *Ægypt*) *shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.* And that they fish'd the seas with nets is evident from *Ezekiel* xxvi, 5. *It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.* The comparison is very just; and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to *Ulysses:* That Heroe is the Sun who kills the Suitors, in application of the similitude.

v. 440. *So the grim Lion, &c.*] *Eustathius* agrees with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the *Odyssey, lib.* 16. He here remarks that comparisons are as rare in the *Odyssey* as they are frequent in the *Iliad;* and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: The subject of the *Iliad* is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble Images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: The subject of the *Odyssey* requires to be related in a less exalted style, and with greater simplicity. This Book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the *Iliad* than any other book of the *Odyssey,* and we find it is more adorn'd with comparisons than almost all the rest of the Poem.



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450 T'insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust;
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.

Justly

v. 450. *T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζα, and here signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. See Note 49. of the third *Odyssey*. I am wonderfully pleas'd with the noble sentiment of *Ulysses* contained in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good-nature feels for the sufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember; that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of *Ulysses*; he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with *Job* xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up my self when evil found him, If I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul*, &c.

Were a Prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weighed in a scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reason held the ballance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered?

v. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There is some obscurity in these words, *they neither respected the good nor the bad man*; or as *Homer* expresses it,

Οὐ κακὸν οὐδ' ἐσθλὸν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it; but why should it be objected to the Suitors as a fault that they despis'd the bad man, whose actions deserve to be despis'd? *Eustathius* answers, κακὸς may signify ταπεινὸς, or a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger; and this justifies the assertion: But perhaps the Poet uses it to shew that they

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Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
455 And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! Oh *Euryclea*, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she. In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
460 Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chast *Penelope* obey;
Nor fits it that *Telemachus* command
465 (Young as he is) his mother's female band.

Hence

they despis'd and outrag'd all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty; they consider'd not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind.

v. 462. *Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, observes Monsieur *Bayle*, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the Suitors. But it is not indeed affirm'd that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities. *Plutarch*, in his treatise of Education, informs us that *Bion* wittily apply'd this passage to the study of the sciences: When the Suitors fail'd in their attempts upon *Penelope*, they condescended to address her maids: so men who are not capable of understanding Philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value.

v. 464. *Nor fits it that* Telemachus *command*
*(Young as he is) his mother's female band.*]
This, remarks *Eustathius*, is an instance of the maternal wisdom of *Penelope*; and at the same time a vindication of *Telemachus* for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; They were out of his jurisdiction, and immediately under the protection of *Penelope*. But is not this removal of the

 fault

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Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news——The matron cry'd;
Not so (*Ulysses* more sedate reply'd)
470 Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds.
In haste the matron parts: The King proceeds.
Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;

fault from *Telemachus*, an imputation upon the Queen? and if the son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids *Telemachus* to redress it? Is it to be suppos'd that this chaste matron was more indulgent to female frailty than *Telemachus?* The true reason is, *Telemachus* could not, and *Penelope* durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the Suitors to stand in awe of the Queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for *Penelope* her self was in a great measure in their power, and the same authority that supported the Suitors in their insolence against the Queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty.

v. 469. *Not so* (Ulysses *more sedate reply'd.*)] *Ulysses* gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of *Penelope* with a spectacle of such horror as the dead bodies and blood of the Suitors It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the Queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore *Ulysses* makes even his fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with such a terrible scene of slaughter: Besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the discovery to *Penelope*, in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprizing and tender incident.

Th'

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Th' offending females to that task we doom,
475 To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon' court, without the Palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;

v. 477. ——————*the melancholy labour done)*
*Drive to yon' court*——————]

It would in these ages, observes *Dacier*, be thought barbarous in a King to command his son to perform an execution of so much horror: but antiently it was thought no dishonour: Thus in the Scriptures *Gideon* having taken *Zeba* and *Salmana*, two *Midian* Kings, commands his son to kill them with the sword in his presence: But, continues that Author, I wish *Homer* had deviated from this custom, that he had given both *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* sentiments of more humanity, and spar'd his Reader a description of such a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to Inhumanity more than that Lady; but it may be answer'd, that *Homer* was obliged to write according to the custom of the age. *Virgil* has ascrib'd an act more cruel to the pious *Æneas*, who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. *Æn.* 11. *v.* 15.

*Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear*
*Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear;*
*Appointed offrings in the victor's name,*
*To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.* Dryden.

This act is to be ascribed to the manner of the age, and the customs of war in the days of *Æneas*, and not to his inhumanity: But here it may seem essential to the very nature of Epic Poetry to relate this act of justice: The moral of it is, to see the good rewarded and the wicked punished, in the conclusion of the Fable. These criminals had been as guilty in their several capacities as the Suitors themselves; it was therefore necessary that their punishment should be set before the Reader, as well as that of the Suitors.

480 So with the Suitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.
He ſaid: The lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each'd heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
485 The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The Chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
490 Waſh, with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;
There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
495 Then thus the Prince. To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure, as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
Thus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
500 A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.



Their

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Their heads above, connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led *Melanthius*, and began
Their bloody work: They lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.
They wash, and to *Ulysses* take their way,
So ends the bloody business of the day.

v. 505. *Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare.*] Nothing can better represent to us the Image of these sufferers than this similitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or snare. *Hobbs* in his version has omitted it; and *Dacier* has abridg'd the whole description.

*Eustathius* is pleasant upon the death of these wantons. What a certain person, says he, once spoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hang'd herself, *viz. I wish all trees bore such fruit*; may be apply'd to these ropes, *It were to be wish'd that all nooses could catch such birds.* This remark has escaped the notice of Madam *Dacier*; because the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occasion to prescribe a remedy for a disease unknown to these happy ages.



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*Interview of* Ulysses *and* Penelope, *who at last discovers him to be her Spouse.*

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# THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The

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# The ARGUMENT.

Euryclea *awakens* Penelope *with the News of* Ulysses'*s return, and the death of the Suitors.* Penelope *scarcely credits her, but supposes some God has punish'd them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of* Ulysses *and* Penelope, *she is quite unsatisfy'd.* Minerva *restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the Queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinc'd, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning* Ulysses, *arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his Father.*

THE

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# THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THEN to the Queen, as in repose she lay,
The Nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And

## NOTES.

This book contains the Discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*. Monsieur *Rapin* is very severe upon some parts of it; whose objections I shall here recite.

The discovery of *Ulysses* to his Queen was the most favourable occasion imaginable for the Poet to give us some of the nicest touches of his art; but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and weak surprizes, cold and languishing astonishments, and very little of that delicacy and exquisiteness which ought to express a conjugal tenderness: He leaves his wife too long in doubt and

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5 And sleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
*Ulysses* lives! arise, my child, arise!

At

and distrust, and she is too cautious and circumspect; the formalities she observes in being fully assur'd, and her care to act with security, are set down in number and measure, lest she should fall into any mistake; and this particularity makes the story dull, in a place that so much requires briskness and liveliness. Ought not the secret instinct of her love to have inspir'd her with other sentiments? and should not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whispers more to us than the senses can convey; but *Homer* understood not this Philosophy: *Virgil* who makes *Dido* foresee that *Æneas* designs to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The strength of this objection consists chiefly in the long incredulity of *Penelope*, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery: This *Rapin* judges to be contrary to the passion of love, and consequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is somewhat of the *Frenchman* in this Criticism: *Homer* in his opinion wants vivacity; and if *Rapin* had been to have drawn *Ulysses*, we had seen him all transport and extasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. *Penelope* thought *Ulysses* to be dead; he had been absent twenty years; and thro' absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that *Ulysses* whom she knew, when he sail'd to *Troy*; so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the Reader's judgment, if *Penelope*, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real *Ulysses*? And how could she be convinc'd, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed *Ulysses* and *Penelope* had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assur'd her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been express'd by the Poet: but this is not the case, she is first to know her Husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: but she is no sooner convinc'd that *Ulysses* is actually return'd, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as *Rapin* could require.

While

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**At length appears the long-expected hour!**
***Ulysses* comes! The Suitors are no more!**

No

*While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,*
*She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:*
*At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,*
*And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.*

'Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. If she had here appear'd cool and indifferent, there had been weight in *Rapin's* objections. Besides *Aristotle* informs us, there was a Play, call'd, *The False* Ulysses: It was form'd upon a story of a person who design'd to surprize *Penelope*, and told her, that he was her husband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a Bow, which he used before he went to the siege of *Troy*. This shews that *Penelope* had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by Monsieur *Bayle*; namely, whether if *Penelope* had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really *Ulysses*, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur *Basnage* thus argues: "Let us suppose a "wife transported with love for an husband, running eagerly "to the person she mistakes for him: This woman has no de-"sign to be deceived, one cannot blame her ardor; it is lawful, "if he proves her real husband: in short, her ignorance is in-"voluntary, and occasion'd solely by a laudable passion for her "husband: Yet, if this person prove an adulterer, is the wife "entirely excusable? ought her eagerness and precipitation to "give her no uneasiness? undoubtedly it ought, because she is "suppos'd to act precipitately, without a full examination: her "passion is stronger than her reason, and therefore she is blame-"able." The Author of the General Critique on *Maimbourg* is more indulgent: He judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, tho' she happens to oblige an impostor. "If a wife, deceived by the "resemblance between her husband and an impostor, shall allow "the latter all the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is "no stain to her chastity; and the husband would be the most

"unreasonable

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No more they view the golden light of day;
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd

" unreasonable creature breathing, should he blame it as a breach " of conjugal fidelity, provided she is no way accessary to the im- " position." So that according to this Author, tho' the wife is betray'd by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasion'd by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had us'd due circumspection. In short, Monsieur *Bayle* rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were observ'd, there would scarce be any room for the aforesaid supposition. The resemblance between man and man is never so perfect, but the difference upon a strict observation is discernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceiv'd; especially when there must be between a man and wife a thousand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and husband, which upon a due scrutiny would discover the imposture.

I fear I shall be tedious to the Reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a similar nature started by *Seneca.* " If any per- " son should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, " supposing her to be the wife of another person, would he be " guilty of adultery?" He answers in the affirmative; tho' the wife her self would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of *Jacob*, who was blameless when he was deceived by *Leah*, who personated his wife *Rachel*; but *Leah* was culpable, tho' *Jacob* was innocent, for she very well knew that she was not wife to *Jacob*. But this is the province of a Casuist, not of a Commentator.

v. 6. Ulysses *lives!*——Ulysses *comes!*] In the *Greek* it is literally, *Ulysses* is come, he is at length come to his Palace. This last circumstance is not a tautology; for, observes *Eustathius*, a person may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: Thus *Agamemnon* reach'd his dominions in safety, but was assassinated before he came to his Palace. We may observe in general, that *Eurycleа* and *Penelope* thro' their whole conference speak with brevity; *Homer* was too good a judge of human nature.

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Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten and confound the wise,
15 And human thought, with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
20 Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear Lord left *Ithaca* for *Troy:*

Why

ture, to represent them speaking with prolixity. Passion is always in haste, and delivers it self with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: *Eurycleа* is in a transport of joy for the return of *Ulysses*, and *Penelope* has all her affections awaken'd at the news of it.

v. 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,*
*The weak enlighten, and confound the wise.*]

This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy Scriptures. God is the Lord of spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

v. 21. *Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy*, &c.] *Homer*, observes *Eustathius*, very judiciously mentions this profound sleep of *Penelope*; for it might have been thought improbable, that she should not wake at the noise and confusion of the battle. It was solely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book *Pallas* was introduc'd to throw her into it: besides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the house, and was from thence called ὑπερῶον: and consequently *Penelope* was at a sufficient distance from

the

Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore?
O *Troy*—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
25 Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;
*Ulysses* lives, thy own *Ulysses* reigns:
That stranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,
30 And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
35 And burst at once in vengeance of the foes.
While yet he spoke, the Queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast

the place of the combat, and may be easily suppos'd not to be wak'd by it.

The circumstance of *Penelope's* not being awak'd by the cries of the Suitors, furnishes us with a reason why they are not heard by the *Ithacans* that liv'd near the Palace: for if she who is within the Palace is not disturb'd by the noise, it is credible enough, that the *Greeks* who liv'd at some distance from the Palace should not hear it.

v. 35. ——*The Queen in transport sprung*
*Swift from the couch*——]

We are not to gather from this transport of *Penelope*, that she is fully convinc'd of the return of *Ulysses*: She is yet incredulous; but she must have been insensible if she had continued unmov'd at the mention of the arrival of an husband, whose return has been describ'd thro' the whole *Odyssey* as the chief object of all her desires. Besides, she receives the death of the Suitors with joy;

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Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
Say, once more say, is my *Ulysses* here?
How could that numerous and outragious band
40 By one be slain, tho' by an Heroe's hand?
I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan,
The damsel train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we sate, and catch'd each passing sound;

joy; she cannot disbelieve the testimony of *Eurycleæ* concerning their deaths; but thinking it impossible that they should be slain by any one person, she ascribes their destruction not to *Ulysses*, but a Deity. But then is not such a supposition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a God should really be supposed to descend to work their destruction? It may be answer'd, that the excess of the assertion ought to be ascrib'd to the excess of joy in the speaker: *Penelope* is in a transport, and no wonder if she speaks with amplification: she judges it impossible that such a great event should be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while she is under a surprize, and her thoughts rais'd above the bounds of calm Reason, to ascribe it to a Deity.

It has been believ'd that all the notions of good and bad Dæmons that prevail'd among the Antients were borrow'd from truth, and that they receiv'd them by tradition from the offices of good and bad Angels: If I might be allow'd to make this supposition, then what *Penelope* here speaks may be reconcil'd to strict verity; then we may find a reason why she may without extravagance ascribe the Suitors deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus, 2 *Kings, cap.* xix. *v.* 35. *That night the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand.* If this supposition be thought disallowable, the former will be a sufficient vindication. I will only add that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of *Penelope* to the praise of *Ulysses*; the exploit was so great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it must therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length discover'd to be *Ulysses*.

When.

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45 When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel train deſcends;
There terrible in arms *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
And the dead Suitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the Heroe to ſurvey,
50 Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—now with ſulphureous fires,
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the Palace walls,—
Haſte, daughter haſte, thy own *Ulyſſes* calls!
55 Thy every wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
*Ulyſſes* lives his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy *Telemachus* and thee!
Ah no! with ſighs *Penelope* rejoyn'd,
60 Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How bleſt this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah no! ſome God the Suitors deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
65 Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs deſy'd;
But heav'n is juſt, and by a God they dy'd.

For

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For never must *Ulysses* view this shore;
70 Never! the lov'd *Ulysses* is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd *Ulysses* o'er the watry way,
75 A Boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then daughter haste away! and if a lie
80 Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!
To whom with dubious joy the Queen replies,
Wise is thy soul, but errors seize the wise;
The works of Gods what mortal can survey,
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way!
But

v. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can survey?*] This assertion is made with great judgment. *Euryclea* had given almost a demonstrative proof that she was not mistaken in the person of *Ulysses:* she had instanced in the scar which he received by a boar on mount *Parnassus*; and this seem'd to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the Poet take to carry on *Penelope's* incredulity, and give her room to resist such evidence with any appearance of reason? This is very well explain'd by *Eustathius*. *Penelope* (observes that Author) answers with profound wisdom; her words are short, but contain excellent truth and morality: This is her meaning: "*Euryclea*, "you appeal to your senses for the truth of your affirmation:

85 But learn we instant how the Suitors trod
The paths of death, by Man or by a God.
Thus speaks the Queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove!
90 Or rushing to his arms, confess her love!

Then

" you saw the wound, and touch'd it as you bath'd him; and he " forbad you to make a discovery of his person: from hence you " conclude, that it is *Ulysses* who has slain the Suitors; not re- " membring that the Gods are able thus to shew themselves to man, " and assume at their pleasure such disguises: How then do you " know but this is a God? Are you able to know the ways of a " Deity?" To this *Eurycleа* makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believ'd to be an undeniable truth, that the divine Beings sometimes assum'd the shape of man, and appear'd visibly upon earth. Such expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrow'd from a tradition of the appearances of Angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy Scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestations of those coelestial Beings.

v. 89. *At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove,*
*Or rushing to his arms, confess her love.*]

*Penelope* apprehends that the person mentioned by *Eurycleа* is not *Ulysses*; yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her husband; in this state of uncertainty she descends, doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real *Ulysses*; and this explains her conduct in this place: If he evidently were *Ulysses*, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not *Ulysses*, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent amongst Ladies, and Madam *Dacier* affirms, that the point of decency is well maintain'd by *Homer* thro' this whole interview; and that Antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observed. And indeed it must be allow'd, that in this respect *Penelope* proceeds with no more than a necessary caution; it would have been



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Then gliding thro' the marble valves in state,
Oppos'd, before the shining Fire she sate.
The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
95 Curious to hear his Queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sate, and impotent to speak;

O'er

very absurd to have describ'd her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of *Eurycleа*, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration.

v. 93. *The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumstance of persons of figure being plac'd by a column occurs frequently in the *Odyssey*, it may therefore be necessary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας, but being there apply'd to *Demodocus* who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he lean'd against the pillar by reason of his blindness: but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus 2 *Kings* xi. 14. *Behold, the King stood by a pillar, ἐπὶ τὸ σύλον, as the manner was, and the Princes, &c. by the King.* Thus we see the Royal station was by some remarkable Pillar; *Josephus* expresses it by ἐπὶ τῆς στήλης, which probably is a *corruption*; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς σήλης, *juxta columnam:* Thus again, 2 *Kings* xxiii. 3. *And the King stood by a pillar, and made a covenant,* &c. So that by this expression of *Ulysses* being seated by a column, we are to understand that he received *Penelope* as a King; he took the royal seat, to convince her that he was the real *Ulysses*.

v. 94. ——————*withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*
*Curious to hear his Queen the silence break.*]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of *Penelope*, for not immediately acknowledging *Ulysses*. Her ignorance of his person is her vindication; but how then is *Ulysses* to be justified, who is in no doubt about *Penelope?* Why does he not fly with transport to the wife of his affection? The reason is very evident: he very well knows that *Penelope* is uncertain about his person; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modesty by any ca-

 resses,

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length *Telemachus*——Oh who can find
100 O woman like *Penelope* unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are past of mighty woes:

fesses, while she is in this state of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuse, till she is assur'd that the person who offers them is *Ulysses*.

*Homer* tells us, that *Ulysses* turn'd his eyes toward the ground. *Eustathius* imagines, that he does it that *Penelope* may not immediately discover him; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw *Ulysses* here, as he drew him in the *Iliad, Lib.* 3. and describe him according to his usual behaviour.

——*In thought profound,*
*His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground.*

Thus also he is represented by *Ovid, Metam. lib.* 13.

*Astitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos,*
*Sustulit*——

*Then from his seat arose* Laertes' *son,*
*Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he began.* Dryden.

v. 96. *Amaz'd she sate, and impotent to speak.*] The Reader will certainly be curious to know how *Penelope* accosts *Ulysses* in this first interview, and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment: She must be suppos'd to be under a great surprize and confusion of thought, this surprize takes away her speech; she is tost between hopes and fears, and consequently it is very natural, before she speaks, to examine him with her eyes.

To

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105 To softness lost, to sponsal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!
O my *Telemachus!* the Queen rejoin'd,
Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;
Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
110 Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.
O deign he, if *Ulysses*, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the King replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;
115 Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:

v. 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone.*] It has been objected that *Telemachus* here makes too free a remonstrance to *Penelope*; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. *Eustathius* answers, that he speaks no more than *Ulysses* says himself, in the process of the story, and consequently he is no more blameable. But the case is not the same, there is a difference between a son and a husband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that he offends against decency, *juveniliter nimis insultavit*; and *Ulysses* seems to repress his ardor.

*Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife*——
*No more*——

*Dacier* answers, that *Telemachus* being fully assur'd that it is the real *Ulysses*, seems shock'd at the indifference of *Penelope*. And indeed the warmth of the expression is to be imputed to the emotion of the speaker; so that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency toward *Penelope*, but a warm expostulation occasion'd by his zeal for *Ulysses*.



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This garb of Poverty belies the King;
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,
120 The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

By

v. 116. *The garb of Poverty belies the King.*] This expression furnishes another cause for the incredulity of *Penelope*; *Ulysses* imputes it to his disguise, and is far from resenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I must confess, that here may seem to be an unseasonable transition: *Homer* brings *Ulysses* and *Penelope* together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the husband to the wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of *Penelope*. The scene closes too abruptly, and *Homer* acts like one who invites his guests to an entertainment, and when they were sate down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be answer'd, that the occasion presses: *Ulysses* finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of *Ithaca* are inform'd of the slaughter of the Suitors; this is the d state of good sense; he first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger; and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to *Penelope*: and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to *Penelope* to recollect her spirits from surprize, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the Reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a Tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

v. 119. *If one man's blood*————] *Ulysses* here argues very conclusively: If the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station; if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead person's relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not Plebians, but Princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that *Ulysses* is a King, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. 'Tis true, *Ulysses* is a King, yet

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By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, *Telemachus* replies,
The world conspires to speak *Ulysses* wise;
125 For Wisdom all is thine! lo I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind.
Then instant to the bath, (the Monarch cries)
130 Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;

yet subject to the laws: his government was not so despotic, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with *Dacier* in this last sentiment: *Ulysses* had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgress'd no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I should rather ascribe the apprehensions of *Ulysses*, to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the Suitors before he could discover himself to be the real *Ulysses*. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law.

V. 121. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] *Ulysses*, to prove *Telemachus*, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence; but the Poet in his answer observes a due decency: *Telemachus* pays a laudable deference to the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, though those men are inferior in wisdom.



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While the sweet Lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
135 That hence th'eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The Suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by *Jove*.

Thus

v. 135. *That hence th'eluded passengers may say,*
*Lo! the Queen weds*——]
This is an instance of the art of *Ulysses*, essential to his character, and maintain'd thro' the whole *Odyssey*. *Eustathius* excellently explains the reason of this conduct: The Suitors had been accustomed to retire from the Palace, and sleep in other places by night: it would therefore have alarm'd the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appear'd a seeming reason why they returned not to their several houses as usual; *Ulysses* therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they staye'd to celebrate the Queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation: we have already seen the Suitors slain, without being heard by the *Ithacans* of the city; is it then probable that the sound of the music should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the Palace? Was the music louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty, unless we are allowed to imagine that the more than usual stay of the Suitors in the Palace had rais'd the curiosity of some of the *Ithacans* to enquire the reason of it; who consequently approaching the Palace might hear the musick and dancing, and conclude that it was occasion'd by the Queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

v. 137. ——*'Till we remove*
*Far from the court*——]
It may be ask'd, what occasions this recess of *Ulysses*? Will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city? The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first resentments

Thus spoke the King: Th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array;
The Lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the *Greeks* eluded say
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they——but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Mean-while the weary'd King the bath ascends;
With faithful cares *Eurynomè* attends,
O'er ev'ry limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:
Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of *Hyacinthine* dye.
As by some artist to whom *Vulcan* gives
His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;

sentments of the *Ithacans*, upon the discovery of the death of the Suitors: Besides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his person, till the violence of the people is settled; or raise a party to resist their efforts: at the worst, he is certain to secure his flight, if his affairs should be reduc'd to extremities.



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By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
160 And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So *Pallas* his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing Consort sate.
165 And oh my Queen! he cries; what pow'r above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, *Penelope*, when heav'n restores
Thy lost *Ulysses* to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
170 Thy lost *Ulysses*, on this signal day?
Haste, *Eurycleia*, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

My

v. 171. *Dispatchful spread*
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These words have given occasion of censure from Monsieur *de la Mothe de Vayer*: According to whom the precaution of *Penelope* is not much to be admir'd; "*Ulysses* made himself suspicious by "expressing so much eagerness to go to bed with *Penelope*; she "was so far from having time enough to know him, that she had "scarce spoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands "*Eurycleia* to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this Author, *Penelope* mistrusts his impatience; she imagines the reason why he is so hasty, is because, he fears that a longer time would discover his imposture, and frustrate his desires. And indeed if *Ulysses* had given such a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But *La Mothe* is deceiv'd: *Ulysses* does not ask a bed for himself and *Penelope*, but for himself alone, because his wife vouchsafed not to come near him, and used him with a seeming cruelty.



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My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But heav'n with Adamant has arm'd her breast.
175 Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more *Ulysses* my belov'd in thee!

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι μαῖα σύρεσον λέχος ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
λέξομαι————

which is literally enough render'd in the translation.

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*For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.*

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Οὐδὲ λίην ἄγαμαι.

*Eustathius* explains μεγαλίζομαι to signifie, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I despise not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an astonishment*; or, οὐδὲ λίην ἐκπλήττομαι, *I cease to be surprix'd at what I see and hear.* Thus *Penelope* speaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that she is not influenc'd by pride and cruelty, to persist in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. *Eustathius* proposes *Penelope* as a pattern to all women upon the like occasion: her own eyes persuade her that the person with whom she confers is *Ulysses*; *Euryclea* acknowledges her master; *Telemachus* his father; yet she dares not immediately credit her own eye, *Euryclea* or *Telemachus*: and the same Author concludes with a pretty observation, that *Ulysses* found it easier to subdue above an hundred enemies than the diffidence and incredulity of *Penelope*.



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Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to *Troy*,
180 His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſt in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the King with warmth replies,
Alas

v. 183. *Thus ſpeaks the Queen, ſtill dubious*———] It muſt be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in *Penelope*. *Ulyſſes* commands a bed to be prepared, *Penelope* catches the word, and ſeeming to conſent, orders *Eurycleа* to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of ſuch a nature as to be inwrought into the ſubſtance of the apartment it ſelf, and could not be removed: if therefore *Ulyſſes* had acquieſc'd in the injunction given by *Penelope*, and not diſcovered the impoſſibility of it, ſhe might very juſtly have concluded him an impoſtor, being manifeſtly ignorant of the ſecret of his own marriage-bed.

But *Euſtathius* ſtarts an objection againſt this whole proceſs of the diſcovery, which he calls inſolvible; and indeed if *Homer* fails in the unravelling of his Poem, he is to be ſeverely blam'd: *Tully* is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt, quæ requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty rais'd by *Euſtathius* is as follows: *Penelope* imagines that the perſon who pretends to be her husband, is not really *Ulyſſes*, but a God, who not only aſſumes his form, but, to favour the impoſture, the reſemblance of the wound receiv'd from the boar: Now if he be a God, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould conceive him to be ignorant of the ſecret of the marriage-bed, and conſequently how can ſhe be convinc'd of the reality of *Ulyſſes* from his knowledge of it, when it muſt neceſſarily be known to a God, as well as to the real *Ulyſſes*? all that ſhe ought to gather from it is, that the perſon with whom ſhe ſpeaks is *Ulyſſes*, or a God. *Euſtathius* replies, that *Penelope* upon the diſcovery of the ſecret makes no ſcruple to yield; becauſe whether it be *Ulyſſes*, or a God, her caſe is happy: if he prove to be *Ulyſſes*, ſhe has her wiſhes; if a God, it is no ſmall piece of good fortune. *Dacier* condemns this ſolution, and tells us, that



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185 Alas for this! what mortal strength can move
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

It

*Penelope* was so faithful to her husband, that she would not have received even a God into the place of *Ulysses:* The true answer (continues that Author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferior Deities were suppos'd to have a finite knowledge, and consequently *Penelope* might think the discovery of the nature of the nuptial-bed a full conviction of the reality of *Ulysses*, it being so great a secret that even a God might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this person to be a God, why might not *Penelope* imagine him to be a Deity of the superior order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bow'r? especially because *Jupiter* himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. *Dacier* her self confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: How is it possible (says she) that this bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of *Ulysses*, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured that a secret that is known to a third person (*Actoris*) is not thro' weakness or interest discovered to others? 'Tis true the manner of the discovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet, but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the same Author) is unworthy of the *Odyssey*. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where (as *Horace* writes) *Homer* nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that *Penelope* imagines *Ulysses* to be a God, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induc'd her to believe him to be the real *Ulysses:* The answer is, *Penelope* thought him a God only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprize, that she at all thinks him a Deity: This is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real *Ulysses*.

*O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,*
*Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.*

She

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands.

She is so far from thinking him a Deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allow'd, the first difficulty ceases: For granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but *Ulysses* was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real *Ulysses*, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the Poet, in the discovery of *Ulysses*.

*Dacier* objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen *Ulysses* build a ship in a solitary Island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth *Odyssey*; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kind of arts in Mechanics were antiently practis'd by the greatest personages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was esteem'd a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the Reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: *Actoris*, a female servant, is allow'd to be in the secret; how then can *Penelope* be assur'd that she has not betray'd it? *Homer* himself obviates this objection; he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust, and therefore *Penelope* may safely rely upon the fidelity of *Actoris*. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of *Homer*, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental; how could *Ulysses* fore-know that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower? and consequently it is not to be imagin'd that he should have made any clandestine enquiries about it: it may be added, that *Ulysses* has been no more than five days upon the *Ithacan* shores, and probably had never seen *Actoris*, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was antiently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret *Penelope* proposes in the tryal of *Ulysses*, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her husband. To instance almost in a parallel case; *Orestes* in *Euripides* tells *Iphigenia*, that the lance which *Pelops* us'd in the combat against *Ænomaus* was lodg'd in her apartment; this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother *Orestes*, no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies.

Then

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Then hear sure evidence, while we display
190 Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; An olive spread
Full in the court its ever-verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk on high
The huge trunc rose, and heav'd into the sky;

Around

v. 193. *Vast as some mighty column's bulk on high*
*The huge trunc rose*———]

I will not promise that the Reader will be pleas'd with this description of the nuptial bower: the *Greek* is noble, and the words sounding and harmonious; an happiness that is wanting in our language. In this and the like cases the translator must say with *Lucretius* upon a like occasion,

———*Graiorum obscura reperta*
*Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse,*
*Propter Egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.*

Besides, it must be allow'd that the relation it self is very wonderful; for it is not easy to conceive that the bole of an olive-tree should be so large as to contain upon the dimensions of it a whole bedsted. I would willingly imagine that it is only a supporter of it. It is likewise somewhat extraordinary that this olive-tree is not fell'd, or cut up from the roots; for *Eustathius* informs us, that πρόλαμον signifies *to cut asunder at some distance from the earth*; so that a great part of the trunc is left standing, upon which *Ulysses* builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that *Homer* must be imagined to write according to the customs of the age in which he lived, unless we can suppose he unnecessarily invented an absurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were anciently such beds as this of *Ulysses*. Besides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it serves for the purpose of *Homer*, in convincing us that the person who was acquainted with a matter so uncommon must be the real *Ulysses*, and not an impostor; it is for this purpose that the Poet describes the bower built round the olive-tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mention'd.

*Around*

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219 Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r
And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
200 Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular from space to space;
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lye
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
205 Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mold
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, oh Queen, to say: And now impart,
210 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?

*Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,*
*And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;*
*Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain*
*Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain.*

This I say is particularly describ'd by *Homer*, to convince us that the place where the bed stood was entirely secret; it being clos'd up from observation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real *Ulysses*.

While

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While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
215 The tears pour'd down amain: And oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
220 Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and dye.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
225 Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
230 'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love:

Like

Like me had *Helen* fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair Mischief set two worlds in arms,

v. 231. *Like me had* Helen *fear'd*———] This passage occasion'd great disputes amongst the antient Critics; some contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ ἤδη,———

Then the meaning of the passage is thus to be understood. *Helen* would not have yielded to a stranger, if she had known that stranger. *si ἤδη ἀνδρὰ* is to be understood according to this interpretation. The same Critics thus construe the following words,

Ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀμύμων υἷος Ἀχαιῶν, &c.

"O is the same with δὴ ὁ, *propter hanc causam*, and the whole passage is thus to be translated, *If* Helen *had known the stranger, she would not have yielded to him; therefore the* Greeks *rose in arms to free her from the impostor.* They defend this application by having recourse to a tradition, that *Paris* could never have obtain'd the consent of *Helen* if *Venus* had not given him the resemblance of *Menelaus*, in whose form he prevail'd upon that fatal beauty: otherwise the instance is no way parallel; for if *Helen* was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce *Penelope* to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband? I confess this construction of the *Greek* appears to me very obscure; contrary to the style of *Homer*, which is always clear and natural. Besides, it contradicts the whole story of *Helen* thro' the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and she her self no where alledges this deceit as her excuse, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of *Menelaus*. But granting that she was thus deceiv'd originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear, and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with *Paris*. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if *Helen* had consider'd what evils might ensue from her injury to *Menelaus*, she would have acted more wisely: This *Penelope* introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of *Helen*, and ascribes all the calamities of *Greece* to it.

Ere

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Ere *Greece* rose dreadful in the avenging day,
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
235 But heav'n, averse to *Greece*, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that *Greece* should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows, when my Lord arrives?
240 I yield, I yield! my own *Ulysses* lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to *Actoris* alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
245 Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the soul the King with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores,
250 Delightful rise, when angry *Neptune* roars,
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulph'd in crouds at once the sailors die,
If one more happy, while the tempest raves
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
255 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land.

The

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The ravish'd Queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd Lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
260 But *Pallas* backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay *Aurora* in the wavy main:
Whose flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
265 At length *Ulysses* with a sigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repose denies;

v. 260. *But* Pallas *backward held the rising day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no necessity for it. The battle between the Suitors and *Ulysses* happen'd in the evening; since then we have seen the Palace purify'd, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female servants punish'd; *Eurycleа* has held a long conference with *Penelope*, there has been singing and dancing in the Palace, and an interview at large described between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; then the Poet proceeds to re-capitulate the story of the whole *Odyssey:* Now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: *Homer* therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces *Minerva* to protract it; and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the established laws of Nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, Poets are allowed to write according to common fame, and what *Homer* here relates could not shock the ears of the Antients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of *Hercules*. I will only observe, that *Homer* gives no more than two horses to *Aurora's* Chariot, *Lampus* and *Phaethon*; whereas the Chariot of the sun is described with four: Thus *Ovid*,

*Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,*
*Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon.*

A labour

A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
270 For, to *Tiresias* thro' th' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a-while my woes!
To whom the Queen. Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!
275 Since the just Gods who tread the starry plains
Restore thee safe, since my *Ulysses* reigns.
But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.

To

v. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.*] *Ulysses* had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

*A labour long, and hard, remains.*

This could not fail of alarming *Penelope*, and raising all her curiosity to know it. *Homer* would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not described her under an impatience upon the mention of it: her fondness is too sincere to be indifferent upon such a suggestion, but her answer to *Ulysses* chiefly demands observation.

*If heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,*
*Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!*

This discovers a greatness of spirit worthy of a Queen and Heroine: she is threatned to lose *Ulysses* by a second absence, she is alarm'd with a new train of his sufferings; but being inform'd that

To this the King. Ah why must I disclose
280 A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with tears?
Heav'n, by the *Theban* ghost, thy spouse decrees
Tora from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
285 From realm to realm a Nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main,
An Oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
290 The unknown instrument with strange surprize,
And calls a Corn-van: This upon the plain
I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:

that all these calamities will end in a prosperous issue, that long life and happiness attend him, she not only takes courage personally, but comforts her husband. *Homer* was too good a judge of decency to ascribe the weakness that attends the generality of that sex to *Penelope*; she has a bravery of soul worthy of a Heroine in Epic Poetry. Besides, this is a further instance of *Homer's* judgment: the event of the *Odyssey* is to shew *Ulysses* happy; now if the Poet had not fully satisfy'd the Reader in this respect, he had not reinstated his Heroe in prosperity, and consequently had defeated the Moral of the *Odyssey*, which is to shew wisdom and virtue triumphant, by representing his Heroe after all difficulties settled in full tranquillity.

Thence

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295 Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all th'æthereal pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal my self from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
300 When late stern *Neptune* points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
My people blessing, by my people blest.
Such future scenes th'all-righteous pow'rs display,
* *Tiresias.* By their dread * Seer, and such my future day.
305 To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But *Euryclea* with dispatchful care,
310 And sage *Eurynomè*, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the Matron bends,
And to the Queen *Eurynomè* descends;
315 A torch she bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.

Then

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Then instant his fair spouse *Ulysses* led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And

v. 317. ——————*His fair spouse* Ulysses *led*
*To the chaste love-rights of the nuptial bed.*]

The Reader may be pleas'd to consult the Annotations on book XI. *p.* 136, concerning the answer of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*; it being a repetition from that part of the *Odyssey*.

*Eustathius* informs us, that *Aristarchus*, and *Aristophanes* the *Grammarian*, thought the verse quoted at the head of this remark to be the conclusion of the *Odyssey*, and consequently they judged the remaining part of this book and the whole 24th supposititious: those who were of a contrary opinion reply'd, that by ending the Poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected; for instance, the recapitulation of the whole *Odyssey*, and especially the discovery of *Ulysses* to his father *Laertes*, with all the beautiful fictions contain'd in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the subject of the Poem be a reason for the rejection of it, we must for the same reason abridge the Poem, and reject a multitude of the Fables which are scatter'd thro' the whole course of it. It may therefore be conjectured that *Aristarchus* and *Aristophanes* were not of opinion that the Poem ended with this verse, but only the most necessary and important incidents. *Casaubon* in a remark upon a passage of *Strabo*, favours the opinion of *Aristarchus*, for he there speaks of the last book as if he suspected it to be spurious; and *Rapin* joins in the same judgment. *Homer* is to be defended in another manner, than by such arguments as are brought in answer to *Aristarchus*. The same Objection has been made against the two last books of the *Iliad*, as against these of the *Odyssey*; the former ought to have ended with the decisive action in the death of *Hector*, and the latter with the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*, when his happiness seems to be establish'd. But there is no weight in these objections. There is a difference between the *unravelling* of the action and the full *accomplishment* of it; the Action is unravell'd by the death of the Suitors; but there are consequences arising from their deaths that hinder the accomplishment of the action, namely, the danger of the resentments of their friends, who rise in arms to revenge their slaughter; and till their insurrection is pacify'd, *Ulysses* cannot be said to be in a state of security. The subject of the *Iliad* is the Anger of *Achilles*: that of the *Odyssey*, the Re-establishment of *Ulysses*

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And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
320 Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the King and Consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears *Penelope* disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,

His

*lysses* in his dominions: now the anger of *Achillas* ends not with the death of *Hector*, nor is *Ulysses* fully re-established by the death of the Suitors; he has another obstacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the *Ithacans* are appeas'd, the design of the Poem is not executed, which is to shew *Ulysses* in peaceful possession of his Palace and Authority. We see in this very book, that *Ulysses* is forc'd to fly from his own Palace; can he then be said to be re-established in tranquillity; this very action demonstrates, that what follows is part of the subject of the Poem, and such a part, as if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagin'd that *Homer* had never finish'd it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the Action is his sailing from *Troy* toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the Action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledg'd by his wife, father, family, and subjects; now this is not compleated till the very end of the last book, and consequently that book is not spurious, but essential. The Poet had ended very injudiciously, if he had stopped before; for the Reader would have remain'd unsatisfy'd in two necessary points, *viz.* how he was made known to *Laertes*, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavour'd to take against the destroyers of their sons; but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects who had taken arms being either vanquished or appeas'd, the Action is compleated in all its parts, and consummates the *Odyssey*.

v. 324. *A mournful story of domestic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet passes thus briefly over the story of *Penelope*; he makes her impatience to hear the history of *Ulysses* the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his Reader by repeating what he already knows;

 It

His servants insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,

His

It is likewise remarkable, that *Ulysses* does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of *Troy*; for this would have been foreign to the design of the *Odyssey*; but with his sailing from *Troy* to the *Cicons*, and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an Epitome of the whole *Odyssey* in the compass of one and thirty lines; and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

*Lycophron* has given us a summary of the wandrings of *Ulysses*; which if any one is desirous to compare with this of *Homer*, he will see the difference between a clear, and an obscure Writer. *Tibullus* in his *Panegyric* on *Messala* has been more successful than *Lycophron*, he follows the order of *Homer*, and treads directly in his footsteps.

*Nam ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,*
*Non valuit Lotos captos avertere cursus;*
*Cessit & Etnæa Neptunius incola rupis,*
*Victa Maronæo fudatus lumina Baccho.*
*Vexit & Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos;*
*Incultos adiit Lestrygonas, &c.*

*Dacier* is of opinion, that this recapitulation in *Homer* has a very good effect. I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not alone the return of *Ulysses* to his country, and his re-establishment in it; but that it comprehends all his wandrings and all his voyages; all that he saw, or suffer'd in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of *Troy*: Another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his Heroe, as they really happen'd, naturally and historically: for in his relation of them in his Poem, he uses an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his Poem by way of narration to the *Phæacians*: Here he sets every event in its natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprended in



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His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the Suitor-train.
The King alternate a dire tale relates,
330 Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds; His list'ning spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale,
Sleepless devours each word; and hears, how slain
*Cicons* on *Cicons* swell th' ensanguin'd plain;
335 How to the land of *Lote* unblest he sails;
And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!
How dash'd like dogs, his friends the *Cyclops* tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
340 From friendly *Æolus* with prosp'rous gales;
Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How on the barb'rous *Lastrigonian* coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;

it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the Poem, from the time of the duration of the Action; for in reality the Poem begins many years before the return of *Ulysses*; but *Homer* begins his action but thirty five days before he lands in his own country. In the course therefore of the *Odyssey*, *Homer* gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an ease and assistance to the memory of the Reader.



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How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: He paints the bow'r,
The ſpells of *Circe*, and her magic pow'r;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek *Tireſias* in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale *Anticlea's* ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how unharm'd he paſt the *Siren*-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce *Charybids*, raves,
And howling *Scylla* whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of day.

'Till

v. 355. ——————*How his companions ſlay*
*The oxen ſacred to the God of day.*]
The ſtory of theſe oxen is fully related, *lib.* 12. I refer to the Annotations. The crime of the companions of *Ulyſſes* was ſacrilege, they having deſtroyed the herds ſacred to a God. Theſe herds were ſaid to be immortal: I have there given the reaſon of it, but too conciſely, and will therefore add a ſupplement from the *Polyhymnia* of *Herodotus;* I ought to have mention'd, that the body of ſoldiers call'd Immortal, was a ſelect number of men in the army of *Xerxes:* ſo nam'd, becauſe upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or ſickneſs, another was immediately ſubſtituted into his room, ſo that that they never amounted to more or leſs than ten thouſand. If we apply this piece of Hiſtory to the herds of *Apollo*, it excellently explains *Homer's* Poetry: they are call'd Immortal, becauſe upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are ſaid neither to increaſe nor decay, becauſe they were always of a fix'd number, and continually ſupply'd upon any vacancy.

The

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'Till *Jove* in wrath the ratl'ing Tempest guides.
And whelms th'offenders in the roaring tydes:
How struggling thro' the surge, he reach'd the shores
360 Of fair *Ogygia*, and *Calypso*'s bow'rs;

The Reader will be appriz'd of the heinousness of the crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of *Bochart*, *p.* 314. The *Phœnicians* and *Ægyptians* so superstitiously abstain'd from the flesh of the ox, that, as *Porphyry* affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. *Ælian* tells us, that it was death amongst the *Phrygians* to kill a labouring ox; and *Varro*, *Rust. lib.* 2. *cap.* 5. thus writes; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita abstineri voluerunt, ut capite sanxerint, si quis occidisset.* Thus also *Columella*, in *præfat. lib.* 7. *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale esset bovem necàsse, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to shew that *Homer*'s fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the Antients: *Raphn* is very severe upon him for ascribing the death of the companions of *Ulysses*, to the violation of these herds of *Apollo*. "The reason "(says he) why they are destroy'd is very ridiculous, because, "*lib.* 1.

——*they dar'd to prey*
*On herds devoted to the God of day.*

"This is certainly a far-fetch'd destruction: The Heroe, or the "Poet was willing to be freed from them." But from this observation, they will be found to be guilty of sacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmost veneration; and consequently the crime is adequate to the punishment. Besides, *Horace Epist.* 6. *lib.* 1. gives sentence against these companions of *Ulysses*.

——*Carite cerà*
*Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;*
*Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.*



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Where the gay blooming Nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
365 How ſav'd from ſtorms *Phæacia's* coaſt he trod,
By great *Alcinous* honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
370 A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
*Minerva* ruſhes thro' th'aereal way,
And bids *Aurora* with her golden wheels
Flame from the Ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
375 Uproſe *Ulyſſes* from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the Monarch ſaid.

℣. 361. *Where the gay blooming Nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay.*] This is a circumſtance (obſerves Madam *Dacier*) that *Ulyſſes* ought by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferr'd her perſon to that of *Calypſo* a Goddeſs: this is the reaſon why he enlarges upon it in five verſes; whereas he concludes moſt of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that Lady) we may eaſily believe that he was ſilent about the nature of his converſation with that Nymph; and indeed it would have leſſen'd the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a ſecret; he is very cautious in this reſpect; he enlarges upon the fondneſs of *Calypſo* for his perſon, but ſuppreſſes, for a very obvious reaſon, the kind returns he made for her civilities.

My

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My Queen, my consort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears.
Thou, for thy Lord; while me th' immortal pow'rs
380 Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, blest again by heav'n, the Queen display,
And rule our Palace with an equal sway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or spoils.
385 But now I haste to bless *Laertes'* eyes
With sight of his *Ulysses* ere he dies;
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, tho' wise! This morning shall unfold
390 The deathful scene, on Heroes, Heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy Maids within the Palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!
He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.
395 To arms! aloud he cries: His friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the City-gate; *Ulysses* leads the way.



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Now flames the rosy dawn, but *Pallas* shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

v. 358. ——————Pallas *shrouds*
*The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.*]
*Ulysses*, to avoid observation, leaves the City at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispell'd; this is the suggestion of his own wisdom, which is figured by *Minerva*.

This book ends in the morning of the forty first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in *Homer:* I speak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our Heroic verse consists but of ten syllables, the *Greek* oftentimes of seventeen, as in this verse,

Ἄυτις ἔπειτα πόδονδε κυλινδόμο λᾶας αἰναιδὴς.

We therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables, which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in *Homer* within the compass of one line in a translation, with any tolerable beauty; but in some parts, where the subject seem'd to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what success, must be left to the Reader.

THE

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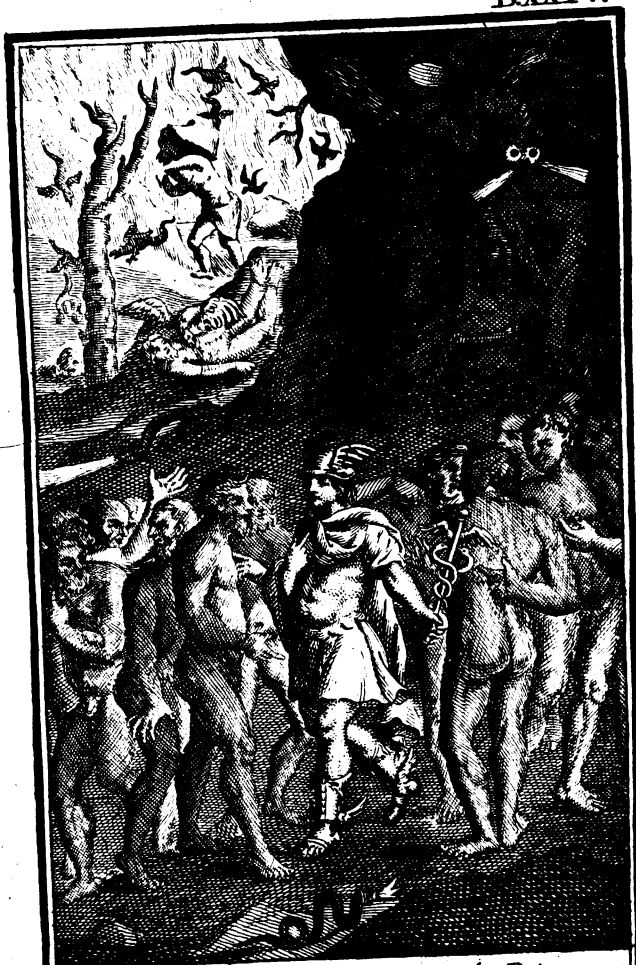

Mercury *conducts to Hell, the souls of the Princes kill'd by* Ulysses.

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# THE

# TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

## OF THE

# ODYSSEY.



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# The ARGUMENT.

*The souls of the Suitors are conducted by* Mercury *to the infernal shades.* Ulysses *in the country goes to the retirement of his father* Laertes; *he finds him busyed in his garden all alone: The manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the King is acknowledged by* Dolius *and the servants. The* Ithacensians, *led by* Eupithes *the father of* Antinous, *rise against* Ulysses, *who gives them battle, in which* Eupithes *is killed by* Laertes: *And the Goddess* Pallas *makes a lasting peace between* Ulysses *and his subjects, which concludes the* Odyssey.

THE

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# THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

CYLLENIUS now to *Pluto's* dreary reigns
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

## *NOTES.*

It has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of *Homer*; but perhaps the Reader may not be displeas'd to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a Critic as *Aristarchus*: I shall therefore lay them before him from *Didymus* and *Spondanus*.

*Aristarchus* affirms, that this is the only place in *Homer*, where *Mercury* performs the office of conducting the souls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known so early by the title of ψυχοπομπὸς; that this is the only passage where he is called *Cyllenius*; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of *Homer*, where they all descend without a



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5 That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.

Trembling

guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is absurd to imagine a *white rock* in these kingdoms of darkness, *&c.* To these *Didymus* thus replies. If a single mention of any incident in *Homer* were a reason for its objection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that *Mercury* was called ψυχοπομπὸς, and *Cyllenius* in the days of *Homer*, that he is here mentioned under these titles; but this is begging the question. He adds, that altho' the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one; for they are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of *Homer* to describe the shades of the dead received immediately into the state of *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by *Mercury* to *Ulysses*, who was descended from that Deity, he being the father of *Arcisius*, and consequently great grandfather to *Ulysses*. It was the opinion of the antients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of *Patroclus*, *Iliad* 23.

*——To the further shore,*
*When once we pass, the soul returns no more.*

It is therefore out of favour to *Ulysses*, that *Mercury* introduces these shades into the region where *Agamemnon* resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet *Ulysses*. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, that this is an Episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the Action essential to the *Odyssey:* But it may be answered, that tho' it makes no part of the principal Action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the Suitors, and consequently the principal Action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduc'd from it, and *Homer* makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his Poem, with the history of what happen'd before *Troy*, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*; and in particular, with the death of

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Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.

of *Achilles*, and a description of his funeral ceremonies. *Didymus*, *Dacier*.

*Plato* in the beginning of his third Dialogue, *de Repub.* brings an heavy charge against *Homer*, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He quotes the similitude of the Bats, and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their country. "Let us then (says that Author) with "the permission of *Homer* and other Poets, reject such relations, "not because they are unpoetical, not because they are unpleasant "to read, but because by how much they are more pleasant and "poetical, by so much they are more dangerous, and to be kept "from our youth, and men, who are born to assert their liberty "with the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to slavery." It must be allowed that this is strong reasoning, and 'tis not easy to guard the Doctrine of *Homer* from such unhappy consequences; for why should men chuse to die, rather than be slaves, when by death they fall into a worse condition? It will not be an answer to say that *Homer* asserts a threefold state in futurity, *viz.* of the soul, the *εἴδωλον*, or *vehicle*, and the body: and that while the *vehicle* is in this condition of horrors, the soul may be happy; for still the state of the dead is represented as a state of horror, and man is in part (namely, in his *εἴδωλον*) miserable after death: Nay, so miserable, that even *Hercules*, who was a God and received amongst the Deities, is yet tormented in Hell; *lib.* XI.

*Here hov'ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,*
*And clang their pinions with terrific sound,*
*Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw*
*Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.*

It will indeed be a vindication of *Homer* as a Poet, to say, that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that such as was the notion of the Antients of a future state, such is his description of it. I will only add, that we may collect from *Plato*, that he judg'd this book genuine, for he quotes this passage as *Homer's*.

As

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As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
10 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
15 And now they reach'd the *Earth*'s remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning *Sol* deſcends,
And *Leucas*' rock, and *Ocean*'s utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the dusky land of *Dreams*,

And

v. 17. *And* Leucas' *rock*————] This deſcription of the deſcent into hell is more particular than that in the XIth *Odyſſey*; and each particular is well ſuited to the ſubject; the deſcent is fabled to be by the Ocean, becauſe the ſun ſeems to deſcend thro' it into Night or the region of darkneſs, in the weſtern parts of Heaven. *Milton* fables the Sun to riſe through the gates of light, after the manner of the Antients.

————*'Till morn,*
*Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand*
*Unbarr'd the gates of light*————

The circumſtance likewiſe of going through the region of *dreams* is well choſen; Dreams are the attendants of ſleep, the brother of death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; *Virgil* in the deſcent of *Æneas* into hell, has borrow'd this image,

————*Quam ſedem ſomnia vulgo*
*Vana tenere ferunt*————

The

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And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
20 In ever-flow'ring meads of *Asphodel.*
The empty *Forms* of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, Images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
*Ajax*, and great *Achilles*, are no more!
25 Yet still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;

*The God of sleep there hides his heavy head,*
*And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.*

The only circumstance liable to objection is, the *Leucadian*, or *white* rock, which *Aristarchus* thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkness; but (replies *Eustathius*) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the Sun fall. *Dacier* imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: "There "is an Island over-against *Acarnania*, on the west of *Ithaca*, called *Leucas*, from a white rock standing in it; this rock was "famous in antiquity, because lovers in despair threw themselves "from the top of it into the ocean; it was called *the Lover's* "*leap*, and being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of "people, *Homer* places it here." This is no ill explication; for a rock may well be feign'd to stand at the entrance of the region of death, by which so many persons had enter'd into it.

*Ovid* in his *Epistles* mentions this *Leucadian* rock.

*——O you that love in vain,*
*Fly hence, and seek the far* Leucadian *main:*
*There stands a rock from whose impending steep,*
Apollo's *fame surveys the rolling deep;*
*There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,*
*Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.*

Stil

Still at his side is *Nestor*'s son survey'd,
And lov'd *Patroclus* still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
30 The Suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the Heroe o'er.
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great *Atrides:* Him in pomp pursu'd
And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by *Ægysthus* fell.
35 O mighty chief! (*Pelides* thus began)
Honour'd by *Jove* above the lot of man!

King

v. 35. *O mighty chief!* (Pelides *thus began*) &c.] This appears to be introduced somewhat unnaturally: *Achilles* had now been dead about ten years, and *Agamemnon* almost as long; it can therefore scarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they should not have met before this time, and mutually have satisfyed their curiosities, by relating their several stories at some former interview: *Dacier* indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors descended, but upon some preceding occasion, immediately after the death of *Agamemnon.* If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the descent of *Mercury* and the shades of the Suitors will be no reason why this conference should be here repeated: for so, neither *Mercury* nor the Suitors hear it. But *Dacier* is undoubtedly in an error; for ὑμῖν in the original is the third person plural, and absolutely refers to *Mercury* and the shades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happen'd at the time of their entrance.

The shades of the Suitors (observes *Dacier*) when they are summoned by *Mercury* out of the Palace of *Ulysses*, emit a feeble plaintive, inarticulate sound, τρίζουσι *strident:* Whereas *Agamemnon* and the shades that have long been in the state of the dead speak articulately. I doubt not but *Homer* intended to shew by the former description, that when the soul is separated from the

 organs

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King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;

organs of the body, it ceases to act after the same manner, as while it was join'd to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand. In other respects *Virgil* paints after *Homer*.

*——pars tollere vocem*
*Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*

*They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,*
*But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats,* Dryden.

But why should we suppose with *Dacier*, that these shades of the Suitors have lost the faculty of speaking? I rather imagine, that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak: After *Patroclus* was slain, he appears to *Achilles*, and speaks very articulately to him; yet to express his sorrow at his departure he acts like these Suitors: for *Achilles*

*Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,*
*And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.*

*Dacier* conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are admitted into a state of rest; but *Patroclus* is an instance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyssey*, for they both speak before their funeral rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy.

Oh!

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Oh! better hadst thou sunk in *Trojan* ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
45 Then grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
50 What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O son of *Peleus!* greater than mankind!
(Thus *Agamemnon's* kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
55 In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the strife, 'till *Jove* himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.

v. 56. *Great, and terrific ev'n in death*———] There is a very peculiar beauty in the versification of *Homer* in this place:

———σὺ δὲ τροφάλιγι κονίης
Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστί.

The words μέγας μεγαλωστὶ set the largeness of the body of *Achilles* stretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we see him in the description; the repetition forces it upon our observation, so that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that Heroe.

Then

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60 Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the fun'ral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
65 Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard, and terror seiz'd the *Grecian* train:

Back

v. 68. ——— *Terror seiz'd the* Grecian *train.*] This description furnish'd *Aristarchus* with another objection to this book: He thought it improbable that the appearance of *Thetis* and her Sea-nymphs should terrify the whole *Grecian* army; they say in answer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as *Thetis* ascended, or as *Homer* expresses it,

——βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὄρώρει
Θεσπεσίη.——

This uproar occasion'd their fear; the *Greeks* were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event; this is evident, for *Nestor* appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasion'd by the ascent of *Thetis*.

The Reader has undoubtedly observed how excellently *Homer* sustains his characters; *Nestor* is the wisest man, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be supposed to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature: The Poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the *Grecian* army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as *Nestor*, but no one so wise; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom, not bravery, and this furnishes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is usually the source of fear.

The

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Back to their ships the frighted hoft had fled;
70 But *Neftor* fpoke, they liften'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience *Neftor*'s counfel fprings,
And long viciffitudes of human things)
" Forbear your flight: Fair *Thetis* from the main
" To mourn *Achilles* leads her azure train.
75 Around thee ftand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly vefts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the *Mufes*, with alternate ftrain,
In ever-confecrating verfe, complain.

Each

The character of *Achilles* is no lefs happily fupported; the fame love of glory is vifible in all he fpeaks, that diftinguifhed his character thro' the *Iliad*: he ftill prefers a fhort life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς ὄφελες τιμῆς ἐπονήμενος ἧς περ ἄνασσις,
Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The fentiment is truly heroic; difhonour is worfe than death, the happinefs or mifery of which is not to be meafured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthen'd mortality, and they who live the longeft have but the fmall privilege of creeping more leifurely than others to their graves.

v. 77. *Round thee, the* Mufes————] It is impoffible (obferves *Dacier*) not to be ftruck with the noble fictions of *Homer* in honour of *Achilles*; every circumftance is great. A whole army is in tears; the *Mufes* celebrate his glory; a Goddefs and her Nymphs ennoble it with their prefence and lamentations. At the funerals of other Heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the *Mufes* perfonally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods intereft themfelves in the obfequies of fo great an Heroe! Yet from this place *Ariftarchus* draws an argument for

Each warlike *Greek* the moving music hears,
80 And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears.
'Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
85 With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
90 And the mixt clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name.
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase.

for rejecting this book: *Homer* (says he) no where else gives the number of the nine *Muses*, insinuating that their number was not fix'd in his age; but *Homer* frequently invokes the *Muses*, why then should he be ignorant of the number? and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? *Aristarchus* further adds, that it is absurd to imagine the body of *Achilles* could be preserv'd seventeen days without burial; but this may be ascribed to the power of *Thetis*, who may easily be supposed to preserve it. Besides, why might not the body be embalm'd? and then there will be no occasion for a miracle, and the interposition of a Goddess: We must remember what she did to the body of *Patroclus* in the *Iliad*.

(The

95 (The vase to *Thetis Bacchus* gave of old,
And *Vulcan's* art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)
There we thy relicks, great *Achilles!* blend
With dear *Patroclus*, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
100 Thy next belov'd, *Antilochus'* remains.

v. 97. *There we thy relicks, great* Achilles! *blend*
*With dear* Patroclus, *the departed friend.*]

This is agreeable to the request made to *Achilles* by the ghost of *Patroclus*, in the *Iliad*,

*Hear then! and as in fate and love we joyn,*
*Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!*
*That golden Urn thy Goddess mother gave,*
*May mix our ashes in one common grave!*

It is likewise asserted by *Homer*, that the bones of *Antilochus* were reposited in the same urn with those of *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; where then is the peculiar honour paid to *Patroclus*, if *Antilochus* was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* were mix'd in the urn, those of *Antilochus* lay separately.

*Homer* adds, that the whole army rais'd a monument to *Achilles*; this is done according to his own injunctions in the *Iliad*, for speaking of the tomb of *Patroclus*, he thus proceeds;

*Mean-time erect the tomb with pious hands,*
*A common structure on the humble sands;*
*Hereafter* Greece, *some nobler work may raise,*
*And late posterity record our praise.*

*Achilles* means, that when he is dead the *Greeks* should raise one common monument to himself and *Patroclus*, which we see here effected.

Thy

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Now all the ſons of warlike *Greece* ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended *Helleſpont* ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point *Achilles'* tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
*Thetis* her ſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen with ſolemn fun'ral games
Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure *Thetis* given,
And ſuch thy honours, oh belov'd of heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the *Stygian* ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by ſtern *Jove*, at home to end my life,
By curſt *Ægyſthus*, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while *Hermes* o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by *Ulyſſes* ſlain.

On

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125 On each majestic form they cast a view,
And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But *Agamemnon*, thro' the gloomy shade,
His antient host *Amphimedon* survey'd;
Son of *Melanthus!* (he began) O say!
130 What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all the partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy *Neptune* sweep
135 Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or Pyrates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
140 Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;

v. 127. *But* Agamemnon, *thro' the gloomy shade,*
*His antient host* Amphimedon *survey'd,*]
An objection has been rais'd against this passage, and it has been thought an absurdity that *Agamemnon* should be the guest of *Amphimedon*, and not of *Ulysses*, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. *Didymus* answers, that this conduct in *Agamemnon* was occadon'd by the refusal of *Ulysses* to assist in the war of *Troy*: *Agamemnon* resented his denial, and went to the house of *Amphimedon*.

Forc'd

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Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great *Ulysses* to the war.

v. 142. *Forc'd a long month*———
*To move the great* Ulysses *to the war.*]
It is not obvious why *Ulysses*, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of *Troy*: Was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger, (as *Eustathius* imagines) or was he dissatisfy'd in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of *Helen*, and nothing but a private injury? the former is a reason unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it must be allow'd, that he prefers his love to his glory. *Eustathius* recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of *Troy*: *Ulysses*, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist *Agamemnon*, pretended madness, and yok'd two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; *Palamedes*, who suspected the imposture, took his son *Telemachus*, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; *Ulysses* turn'd aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition. *Aristotle* takes notice of the great judgment of *Homer* in suppressing this incident concerning *Ulysses*, it being unworthy of the bravery of an Heroe: He is proving, *Chap.* 8. of his Poetics, that all the actions of an Heroe's life are not to be inserted in an Epic Poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: For this reason *Homer* mentions not all the adventures of *Ulysses*, but only such as have relation to the subject of the *Odyssey*; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his Poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The Reader will understand the meaning of *Aristotle*, if he considers that the subject of the *Odyssey* is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: Now the counterfeited madness of *Ulysses* has no connection with these sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by *Homer* as foreign to the design of the Poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an Heroe's life is the province of History; the relation of one single, great, and surprizing action is the subject of Epic Poetry.



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O King of men! I faithful shall relate
145 (Reply'd *Amphimedon*) our hapless fate.
*Ulysses* absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursu'd his royal Dame;
Her coy reserve, and prudence mixt with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
150 But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious in delusion, spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye Peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
155 Where dead *Ulysses* claims no more a part,
Yet a short space, your rival suit suspend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good *Laertes* I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
160 Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The *Grecian* matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
165 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.

Unheard,

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Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
170 And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
175 Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led *Ulysses* to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy *Pyle* repairs,
180 And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate, to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom *Eumæus* leads;
185 Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could *Ulysses* in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
190 Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.



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But when, arising in his wrath t'obey
The will of *Jove*, he gave the vengeance way;
195 The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propose
The Archer's strife: the source of future woes,

And

v. 197. *Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propose, &c.*] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of *Penelope* to propose the Bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes *Amphimedon* to ascribe it to the art of *Ulysses? Eustathius* answers that *Amphimedon* is in an error, and that tho' the contrivance was from *Penelope*, yet *Amphimedon* could not come to the knowledge of it; and such stratagems being agreeable to the character of *Ulysses*, he imputes this action to him rather than *Penelope*.

It is impossible not to take notice that *Homer* makes repetition after repetition: *Agamemnon* speaks the same words as in the eleventh *Odyssey*: *Amphimedon* the same as in the second; and the whole account of the Suitors' destruction is no more than a recital of what the Reader already knows. Was *Homer* tir'd at the end of his work, and would not give himself the labour of invention? I confess we may lose our appetite to see the same entertainment thus continually serv'd up in the very same manner, without so much as a new garnishment. I fear the words of *Ulysses* may sometimes be applicable to *Homer*.

*And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?*

Besides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit according to his judgment, without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wish'd that he had substituted some other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diversity to the story: If by laying the scene in Hell, he design'd to raise the wonder and curiosity of the Reader, (who cannot fail of having his attention awaken'd to see a prospect open'd beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the state of departed Heroes) yet it

must

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And Omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great *Ulyſſes'* hands;
In vain we threat; *Telemachus* commands:
The Bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!

muſt be confeſs'd that this deſign has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the *Odyſſey*. But the Poet ſeems to introduce the deſcent for the information of the dead rather than the living; *Agamemnon* is told how the Suitors were deſtroyed by *Ulyſſes*; and *Achilles* how nobly the *Greeks* perform'd his funeral obſequies; incidents that very little contribute to the ſtory of the *Odyſſey*. In ſhort, the main action ſtands ſtill during this whole *Epiſode*, which takes up almoſt half the book, and the latter part of the *Epiſode* preſents no new object to amuſe and entertain us. But,

*——Cynthius aurem*
*Vellit——*

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than diſcover *Homer's* errors. I will only add, that the Reader will be fully convinc'd that this whole *Epiſode* may be omitted, by obſerving how well the ſtory will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with theſe words,

Οἱ δ' ἅτοι ἐκ πόλιος κελάδων, τάων δ' ἀγορὴν ἱκόντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part ſubſcribe to the opinion of *Ariſtarchus* for the rejection of this book, it ſhould be only for the former part of it, but I am perſuaded from the nobleneſs of the verſes, that the whole is genuine.

First bleeds *Antinous*: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
210 Ignoble cries procede thy dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
Thus great *Atrides!* thus *Ulysses* drove
The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.
Our mang'ed bodies now deform'd with gore,
215 Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.
Oh blest *Ulysses* (thus the King exprest
His sudden rapture) in thy Consort blest!
220 Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind,
*Icarius'* daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
225 (Their great reward) a Poet in her praise.
Not such, oh *Tyndarus!* thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her King and husband bled:
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic song!

The

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230 The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a Woman's name.
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful Phantoms of the dead.

While

v. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal shade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence Antiquity rais'd the fictions concerning Hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in *Diodorus Siculus.*

*Plato* (observes that Author) was the first that introduced the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestow'd on the dead: This is the reason why the Ancients imagin'd him to be the King of the dead.

*Rhadamanthus* is said to have been the most just man in the world, he severely punish'd robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feign'd to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the same reason *Minos* was joyn'd with him in the same dignity.

*Homer* borrow'd his fictions from *Orpheus*, *Orpheus* from the *Ægyptians:* it was *Orpheus* who introduc'd the opinion of the pains of the damn'd, and of the *Elysian* fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by *Mercury* into the infernal mansions: (a proof that he was call'd ψυχοπομπὸς before the days of *Homer.*) *Diodorus* proceeds and mentions the beginning of this book, how *Homer* feigns that *Mercury* leads the shades of the dead by the Ocean, the *Leucadian* rock, and the gates of the sun: A plain instance that he look'd upon this book as the genuine work of *Homer.* All these fables (continues *Diodorus*) are of *Ægyptian* extract; by the Ocean, *Homer* means *Nilus;* by the gates of the sun, he means *Heliopolis*, a city sacred to the Sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes adjoining to *Memphis;* and the dead are feign'd to reside there, because it was the general burial place amongst the *Ægyptians.* Concerning *Cocytus*, *Acheron*, &c. the Reader may consult the first Note upon the eleventh *Odyssey.*

*Plutarch* in his treatise of *Isis* and *Osyris* agrees with *Diodorus* concerning the extraction of these fables from *Ægypt*, and mentions at *Memphis* the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of *Lethe*, and *Cocytus;* which being open'd at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus describ'd by *Homer* in the tenth *Odyssey.*



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While from the town, *Ulysses*, and his band,
235 Past to *Laertes'* cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

There

*And where slow rolling from the* Stygian *bed*
Cocytus' *lamentable waters spread,*
*Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,*
*And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.*

These observations give light to most of *Homer's* fictions concerning hell, and shew that his Poetry is built upon the customs of Antiquity.

*Macrobius* explains all these particulars after a different manner: This solution supposes a state of pre-existence of the soul: If (says that Author) "To die, be the same as to go to the infer-"nal regions; to enjoy the supernal, is then to live; and there-"fore before Philosophy prevail'd, the body it self was suppos'd "to be the infernal receptacle of the Soul, into which she de-"scended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the se-"pulchre of the Soul, and the cave of *Pluto*. The river of Ob-"livion denotes the error of the soul, which forgets the majesty "of the former state she enjoy'd before she enter'd the body; "*Phlegethon*, the ardor of our desires, and flames of anger; *A-"cheron* all our words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so "likewise, *Styx* implies our hatred, *Cocytus* our grief and lamen-"tation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verify'd upon "earth: the Vultur which preys upon the liver of *Tityus*, is the "sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the *Sisyphus*, "who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the a-"varitious man is the *Tantalus*, who starves amidst his plen-"ty, *&c.*

By joining these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful fable and instructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that altho' the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future state, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh *Odyssey*.

v. 236. *The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain.*] *Eustathius* very well explains these words, in which the *Greek* may be

There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
240 Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one *Sicilian* matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
245 And martial son, *Ulysses* gave command.
Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
250 If those dim eyes can yet *Ulysses* know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe?

be construed to signify that *Laertes* had purchased this place of his retirement by his labour and industry: But probably *Homer* intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assign'd *Laertes* by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the *Iliad.*

*The* Lycians *grant a chosen space of ground,*
*With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.*

It may either be so, or *Homer* intending solely to paint the laborious life of *Laertes*, added this circumstance of his encreasing his rural cell by his industry, as an instance of it; tho' the latter is more suitable to the character of a King.



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Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter, and he seeks the field;
255 Thro' rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged *Dolius*, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,
260 Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary King he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
265 His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.

v. 266. ——*Gloves against the thorn.*] *Casaubon* in his Remarks upon *Athenæus*, *lib.* 12. *cap.* 2. affirms, that anciently neither the *Greeks* nor the *Romans* ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people; but this place is an instance of *Casaubon's* mistake: 'Tis true, *Xenophon* gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the *Persians*, who suffered no part of the body to be expos'd to the air, but wore *καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρίδας, καὶ δακτυλίθρας ἔχειν*, "gloves upon "their hands, and coverings on their very fingers." *Pliny* the Younger mentions the same custom amongst the *Romans*. *Manus Hieme manicis muniebantur! ut ne cœli quidem asperitas ullum studiis tempus eriperet.* This then is the difference; the *Persians* wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy: whereas in *Greece* they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from *Laertes*, they being never mention'd upon any other occasion, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. *Dacier.*

In

In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Beneath

v. 267. *In this array the king'y Gard'ner stood,*
*And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.*]
This is the first appearance of *Laertes*, he is the very picture of melancholy, his dress, his employ, and solitary life all discover a fix'd sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of *Laertes* to a meanness of spirit, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendor of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a Palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a King. *Plutarch* severely censures his conduct: "A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial "affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as *Homer* teaches "by the examples of *Nestor* and *Laertes: Nestor*, by engaging in "the war of *Troy*, obtain'd the utmost veneration; while *Laertes*, "who abandon'd himself to solitude, was despis'd universally." I am unwilling to subscribe to this observation, being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life. The picture of *Laertes* is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father in afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son, this bitter ingredient gives a distrelish to all the vanities of life; he is depriv'd of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. *Menedemus* in *Terence* is the very copy of *Laertes* in *Homer*; an instance that he thought *Homer's* an exact representation of human nature: and the applause with which that Comedy was received, shews that all *Rome* was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have rais'd many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a person is not influenc'd by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendor of a Crown into obscurity. *Tully* mentions the manner of life in *Laertes*, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his *Cato Major*, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of *Laertes*. *Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium*

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
270 Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
275 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul?
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
280 Of question distant, and of soft essay,

More

*desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & flentem facit.* But *Tully* mistakes *Homer*, for *Laertes* is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of λιπρόσοιλα, he read κοπρόσοιλα, as it is used in the seventeenth *Odyssey*.

———Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐλθὼν μέγα κοπρόσοιλε.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that *Tully* in his retirement at *Tusculum*, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of *Laertes:* and *Tully* was too sensible of his own worth, to speak any thing to the disparagement of it.

v. 279. *Not so: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that *Ulysses* here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his sorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a discovery of his person; they likewise condemn the κερτόμια ἔπεα, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Ulysses*. It mu't be allow'd, that those words are frequently us'd by the Poet in a bad sense, and signify

More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his Sire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
285 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said.
Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
290 The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thy self alone.

signify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not so to be understood; they only imply, *that* Ulysses *blamed* Laertes *out of tenderness for taking no more care of his person:* This is not a reproach, but the language of fondness and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to express that this enquiry rais'd images of sorrow in the soul of *Laertes*, and *wounded his heart* by naming the lost *Ulysses*. *Eustathius* solves the former objection by saying that *Ulysses* delayed the discovery, lest the suddenness of joy should prove fatal to *Laertes*. But *Homer* undoubtedly paints according to nature; *Ulysses* bursts into tears at the sight of his father, yet restrains them, and tries if after twenty years absence he was known by him; this delay raises the Reader's curiosity, makes him, as it were, present at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the discovery; Besides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of *Ulysses*, who is upon all emergencies master of his passions, and remarkable for disguise and an artful dissimulation; this disguise has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleasing suspence, and makes us wait with attention to see the issue of the interview.

Forgive

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Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
295 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy Lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a Monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
300 Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
305 Is this the far-fam'd *Ithacensian* coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly Islander, of manners rude)
Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.

v. 298. *I read a Monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the *Greek* are not without obscurity, and *Eustathius* explains them two ways; they may either signify, that *Laertes* appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, *viz. to bath, and after a due repast to sleep in state*; or they imply, that *Laertes* shews the dignity of a King in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. *Ulysses* cannot compare *Laertes* to a King who is fresh from the bath, and dress royally, for he tells us, he is cover'd with sweat and dust; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a King, that therefore he ought to live like a King, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment.

But

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310 But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
315 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from *Ithaca*'s fair isle he came,
And old *Laertes* was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
320 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunicks stiff with (gold,
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the Father, with a father's fears:
325 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy antient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
330 Full recompence thy bounty else had born;
For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.



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But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſt,
335 What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
340 Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vulturs ſcatter thro' the air:
Nor could his mother ſun'ral unguents ſhed,
345 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
350 Or if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main:
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the Son. From *Alybas* I came,
My palace there; *Eperitus* my name.

Not

v. 353. ——————*From* Alybas *I came.*] *Ulyſſes* is inexhauſtible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of perſons and places to his fortunes: *Alybas* is ſuppos'd to be a city of

355 Not vulgar born, from *Aphidas* the King
Of *Polyphemon*'s royal line I spring.
Some adverse *Demon* from *Sicania* bore
Our wandring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
360 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
*Ulysses* parting thro' the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter Auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
365 Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
370 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.

Trembling

of *Italy*, afterwards call'd *Metapontium*. It is plac'd by others in *Thrace*. It is here introduc'd to denote, the wandrings of *Ulysses* by the sea; or ἄλη: the word *Aphidas* denotes his generosity, which *spares nothing* towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of Πολυφήμων, to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is *Eperitus*, from ἐπήριτος, the same with πρεσμάχιλος from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of *Troy*, and against other enemies. *Eustathius.*

v. 369. ——— *and sorrowing spread*
*A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.*]

This was a common practice amongst the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used amongst the *Hebrews*

Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:

*brews* as well as *Greeks*; thus *Ezek.* xxvii. 39. *They shall cast dust upon their heads.* Job ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads.* Thus also *Achilles* in the eighteenth of the *Iliad*;

*His purple garments, and his golden hairs,*
*Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.*

*Homer* calls it κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν, which does not mean that *Laertes* threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not, to be found, but he means ἄφαν, or *dry dust*, such as arises from substances consum'd by fire, or resembling ashes. *Eustathius.*

v. 371. *Trembling with agonies, &c.*] The *Greek* expression is remarkable,

——αὐτὰρ ῥῖνας δὴ οἱ ἵκανε
ἀριμὺ μένος πρότυλε——

*A sharp sensation struck his nostrils.* *Eustathius* judges, that the meaning is, that *Ulysses* perceived himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. *Casaubon* more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint find a vent by the nostril, and crouding thro' it, dilate it in their passage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when mov'd to anger. A similar expression is found in the first *Idyllium* of *Theocritus.*

Καὶ οἱ αἰὲν ἀρμὸς, χολὰ κινεῖ μὴ κάβλας.

He speaks of the anger of the God *Pan*, but it is applicable to all violence of passion. *Aristotle* (observes *Dacier*) quotes this verse as apply'd by *Homer* to express anger, *Cap.* 8. of his morals to *Nicomachus*, but he is evidently in an error; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory, it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves *Ulysses.* *Dacier.*

He

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He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
375 I, I am he; oh father rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land.
These floods of sorrow, oh my Sire, restrain!
380 The vengeance is compleat; the Suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
Amaz'd, *Laertes.* "Give some certain sign,
"(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
385 The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thy self and by *Anticlia* sent,
To old *Autolycus's* realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
390 While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace:

To

v. 389. *The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,*
*While yet a child———*]
The word in the original is *παιδνὸς*, which signifies *a very young boy: Homer* uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity *Ulysses* ask'd his father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says *Dacier*) the same practis'd every day; Parents out of fondness indulge the requests

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
395 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the *Hours* produce
400 Their latent buds, and *Sol* exalts the juice.
Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd *Ulysses* thrown;
405 He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppreſt;
*Ulysses* clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;

quests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, *&c.* continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allow'd, that no Poet ever follow'd nature so faithfully as *Homer*. *Virgil* perhaps has reach'd his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in *Homer* than in all other Poets. Some Painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a Heroe or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects; but *Homer* draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures or the least sketches equally natural, and with equal beauty.

Yes,

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Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty *Jove!*
410 Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis so——the Suitors for their wrongs have paid——
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All *Ithaca* and *Cephalenia* rise?
415 To this *Ulysses.* As the Gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
420 And there the young *Telemachus* attends.
Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young *Telemachus* they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
425 The hoary King his old *Sicilian* maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
*Pallas* attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the god-like grace,
430 And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?



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Oh! Would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,
*Pallas* and *Jove*, and him who gilds the sky!
435 (Reply'd the King elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold *Cephalens* the leaguer form'd,
And proud *Nericus* trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
440 When the last sun beheld the Suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the Sire been sep'rate from the Son.

v. 483. *And proud* Nericus *trembled as I storm'd.*] I doubt not but the Reader has observ'd, that *Laertes* uses the very turn of language and manner of self-condemnation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of *Nestor*: this is to be ascribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction; or as *Horace* describes it,

——— *Laudator temporis acti*
*Se puero* ———

I will only add, that the reason why *Homer* describes *Laertes* enlarg'd with strength and majesty by *Minerva* is to reconcile the future story to probability; *Laertes* acts the Heroe, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows: the Poet therefore knowing that he had lost his natural vigour thro' age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength, and by this method renders him equal to his future actions.

They

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445 They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way,
The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
*Dolius* the first, the venerable man,
And next his sons, a long-succeeding train,
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
450 Call'd by the careful old *Sicilian* dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They see their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
455 While thus *Ulysses* to his antient friend:
" Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
" The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old *Dolius* spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
460 And fastens kisses on his hands and face:
Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!

ν. 451. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this *Sicilian* was the wife of *Dolius*; *Homer* gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education; for he adds, ἣ σφίας τρέφε, she was their nurse, not their mother. *Dacier.*

Con-ducted

465 Conducted sure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chast Queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?
Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
470 Already is it known (the King reply'd,
And strait resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
475 Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
480 Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.

v. 481. *The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.*] To understand this we must remember, that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring Islands, *Samos, Zacynthus, &c.* and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries: this custom prevail'd over all the oriental world: But there may be a particular reason why this is done by the *Ithacans*; they might intend to raise those several Islands to engage against *Ulysses*, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles. *Dacier.*

Then

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Then ſad in council all the Seniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt *Eupithes* roſe,
485 Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold *Antinous* was his age's pride,
The firſt who by *Ulyſſes'* arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with ſighs, he thus began.
490 Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has (wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a num'rous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
495 In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighb'ring *Pyle* he flies,
Or ſacred *Elis*, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
500 If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.



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505 When from the Palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage *Medon* came, and *Phemius* came along;
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
And *Medon* first th' assembled chiefs bespoke.
Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land,
510 Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death *Ulysses* strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
515 In vain old *Mentor*'s form the God bely'd,
'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his side.
A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
When slowly rising, *Halitherses* spoke:

(Rev'rend

v. 509. *Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land.*] There is great art in the speeches of *Medon* and *Eupithes*: *Eupithes* said that *Ulysses* had slain the bravest of the *Greeks*; *Medon* allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the consequence therefore is, that to fight against *Ulysses* upon this account, is to fight against the Gods. *Eupithes* applies to their revenge, *Medon* to their fears; *Eupithes* sheds tears to move their compassion, *Medon* intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the Gods was visible on the side of *Ulysses*. The persons likewise whom *Homer* employs to plead against *Eupithes* are well chosen; *Halitherses* is a Prophet, *Medon* an Herald, and both persons esteem'd sacred by their offices; this is the reason why the *Greeks* are said to be struck with awe at their appearance. *Dacier*, &c.

v. 518. ——————Halitherses *spoke.*] The speech of *Medon* had a good effect upon the audience; for *Homer* adds, that

(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew)
Me to ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons the rein,
(Oft warn'd by *Mentor* and my self in vain)
An absent Heroe's bed they sought to soil,
An absent Heroe's wealth they made their spoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.
His mod'rate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.

that the whole assembly grew afraid; *Halitherses* perceived it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion, and sets forth the justice of the late action of *Ulysses:* the Suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their King. From these speeches (observes *Eustathius*) *Homer* draws the probability of the future part of the story; he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously, *Ulysses* must necessarily have perish'd by their power.

It is observable, that tho' *Phemius* accompanies *Medon*, yet he is silent; the reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of *Medon*, he was witness to the assistance of heav'n on the part of *Ulysses*, and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage where the whole Chorus was antiently suppos'd to speak by the mouth of their Prolocutor. *Dacier*, &c.



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They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all *Eupithes'* rage inſpir'd.
535 They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: *Eupithes* heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
540 *Fate* hears them not, and *Death* attends him there.
This paſt on earth, while in the realms above
*Minerva* thus to cloud-compelling *Jove*.
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
Oh Pow'r ſupreme, oh ruler of the whole!
545 Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.

v. 542. Minerva *thus to cloud-compelling* Jove.] *Homer*, to give importance to the concluſive action of his Poem, introduces *Jupiter* and *Minerva* in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the *Odyſſey* he deſcribes the Gods in conſultation for the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes:* In the concluſion of it, we ſee *Jupiter* himſelf rewarding the virtue and bravery of *Ulyſſes*, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carry'd on with great judgment: we are fully ſatisfy'd that the action of the *Odyſſey* is compleated in the happineſs of the Heroe, when we hear *Jupiter* giving his ſanction to it. Beſides, it leaves a noble image of the greatneſs of *Ulyſſes*, and of the whole ſtory of the *Odyſſey*, upon the Reader's mind, when we ſee it is of ſuch weight as to engage *Jupiter* in its favour. Thus in imitation of *Homer*, toward the concluſion of the *Æneid*, *Virgil* deſcribes *Jupiter* and *Juno* in debate concerning the deciſive action between *Turnus* and *Æneas*.

Is

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Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
550 Had not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The Chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: Since *Ulysses'* hand
Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.
555 None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day to increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, *Oblivion* stretch her wing.
Long shall *Ulysses* in his empire rest,
560 His people blessing, by his people blest.
Let all be peace.——He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:

v. 553. ——————*Since* Ulysses' *hand*
*Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.*]
The design of the *Odyssey* is to shew virtue rewarded, and vice punish'd; here to introduce this act of justice with the greater solemnity, *Jupiter* is represented giving his assent to it: "Let "there be peace (says that Deity) but let justice be done, and the "guilty punished;" the Reader must necessarily be satisfy'd with the equity of the cause of *Ulysses*, when he hears *Jupiter* himself directing in it. Besides, this conduct of *Homer* presents us with an excellent moral; it shews us that the Deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the scenes of blood are open'd or clos'd, and the words of *Homer*, Ζεὺς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλὴ, may be apply'd to the *Odyssey* as well as the *Iliad*.



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And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended *Pallas* from th' *Olympian* hill.
565 Now sate *Ulysses* at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst represt:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of *Dolius* on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
570 The foe approach'd, embattel'd on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone *Ulysses'* cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of *Dolius'* race:
575 Old *Dolius* too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms *Laertes* shone.

v. 573. *Four friends of* Ulysses' *cause embrace.*] The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of *Ulysses*, which consisted of ten persons under the direction of *Dolius*, *Laertes*, and *Ulysses:* How many were under *Eupithes* is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superior in number; *Medon* and *Halitherses* had withdrawn almost half of his assistants, and by that method reduc'd the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onset is so sudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody; besides, it appears from the sixteenth *Odyssey*, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were *Ithacans*, the rest came from the adjacent Islands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to assist *Eupithes*, and consequently this party consisted solely of *Ithacans*, and were not perhaps greatly superior to *Ulysses*. This observation likewise furnishes us with a reason why the enemy was so easily defeated, by so small a body of men as engaged for *Ulysses*.

Trembling

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Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen Panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
580 Fierce they ruſh forth: *Uiyſſes* leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In *Mentor's* form, the *Jove*-deſcended maid:
The ſuff'ring Heroe felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſt.
585 Behold, *Telemachus!* (nor fear the fight)
The brave embatted'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
590 Regard thy ſelf, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me *Penelope* was chaſt.
So ſpoke *Telemachus:* the gallant boy
Good old *Laertes* heard with panting joy;
595 And, bleſt! thrice bleſt this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' *Arceſian* name
Strive for fair Virtue, and conteſt for Fame!
Then thus *Minerva* in *Laertes'* ear:
600 Son of *Arceſius*, rev'rend warrior, hear!



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*Jove* and *Jove's* daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.
She said, infusing courage with the word.
*Jove* and *Jove's* daughter then the Chief implor'd,
605 And whirling high, dismist the lance in air.
Full at *Eupithes* drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conqu'ring son
610 Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tyde.
615 "Forbear ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual slaughter: *Peace* descends to spare."
Fear shook the nations. At the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.

v. 606. *Full at* Eupithes *drove the deathful spear.*] *Eustathius* calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of *Ulysses.* The son of *Antinous* is slain by the son of *Laertes*, and the father of *Antinous* by the father of *Ulysses.* We now see *Ulysses* happy in his wife, his son, and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his subjects submitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the *Odyssey.*

All

All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts *Ulysses* pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But *Jove's* red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before *Minerva* shot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
Descended from the Gods! *Ulysses*, cease;
Offend not *Jove:* Obey, and give the peace.
So *Pallas* spoke: The mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-seed of *Jove*
In *Mentor's* form, confirm'd the full accord;
And willing nations knew their lawful Lord.

v. 630. ———*The Virgin-seed of* Jove
*In* Mentor's *form, confirm'd the full accord.*]
The meaning of the passage is no more than this, when stript of its poetical ornaments: *Mentor*, a person of great wisdom, acts as a mediator between the King and his subjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with sacrifices to the Gods; this being an act of wisdom, Poetry ascribes it to *Minerva.*

I must observe with what dignity *Homer* concludes the *Odyssey:* To honour his Heroe, he introduces two Deities, *Jupiter* and *Pallas*, who interest themselves in his cause: He then paints *Ulysses* in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that *Jupiter* is forc'd to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for Orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the

conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the Reader's memory; *Homer* uses the same conduct, he represents his Heroe in all his terror, he shews him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possest with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observ'd, that the End of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of *Ulysses* in full peace and tranquillity, this is not effected, till the defeat of the Suitors' friends: and therefore if the Poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyssey* had been imperfect. It was necessary that the Reader should not only be inform'd of the return of *Ulysses* to his country, and the punishment of the Suitors, but of his re-establishment by a peaceful possession of his regal authority; which is not executed, till these last disorders rais'd by *Eupithes* are settled by the victory of *Ulysses*, and therefore this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the *Odyssey* is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur *Dacier* upon *Aristotle* remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: If we lose the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its Length destroys its Beauty. What seems to favour this decision is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey* are conformable to this rule of *Aristotle*, and every one of those Poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

I have now gone through the Collections upon the *Odyssey*, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not so vain as to think these Remarks free from faults, nor so disingenuous as not to confess them: All Writers have occasion for indulgence, and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used Madam *Dacier* as she has done others, in transcribing some of her Remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or in my part of the translation (namely in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. *Pope*, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. *Fenton*, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: And if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguish'd

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distinguished from His, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction. The most experienced Painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no Critic can pronounce even of the pieces of *Raphael* or *Titian*, which have, or which have not, been work'd upon by those of their school? when the same Master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. *Pope's* acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever My name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as His name will cause mine to last: And may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an Inscription memorial of it.

*LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,*
*Or speaking marbles to record their praise;*
*And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)*
*The mimic feature on the breathing stone;*
*Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway,*
*Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!*
*'Tis thine, on ev'ry* heart *to grave thy praise,*
*A monument which Worth alone can raise:*
*Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust*
*The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:*
*Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky*
*Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and* Homer *dye:*
*Then sink together, in the world's last fires,*
*What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.*



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*If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,*
*With human transport touch the mighty dead:*
Shakespear, *rejoice! his hand thy page refines;*
*Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;*
*Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;*
*So* Tully *publish'd what* Lucretius *wrote;*
*Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,*
*And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.*

*Thus when thy draughts,* O Raphael! *time invades,*
*And the bold figure from the canvass fades,*
*A rival hand recalls from every part*
*Some latent grace, and equals art with art;*
*Transported we survey the dubious strife,*
*While each fair image starts again to life.*

*How long, untun'd, had* Homer's *sacred lyre*
*Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?*
*This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,*
*Call'd the loud music from the sounding string;*
*Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,*
*Once more* Achilles *in dread pomp appears,*
*Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,*
*Keen flash his arms, and all the Heroe burns;*
*With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,*
*He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:*
*Then the pale* Titans, *chain'd on burning floors,*
*Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;*
*Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her coasts,*
*And gloomy* Pluto *shakes with all his ghosts.*
*To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;*
*Here rowls a torrent, there Meanders play;*



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*Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,*
*Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;*
*Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,*
*The gentle breezes breathe away and die.*
*Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,*
*You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;*
*And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,*
*Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.*

*Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,*
*Be ours all* Homer! *still* Ulysses *sing.*
*How long* * *that Heroe by unskilful hands,*
*Stript of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?*
*Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,*
*Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:*
*O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;*
*Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head;*
*Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd*
*The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.*
*But you like* Pallas, *ev'ry limb infold*
*With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;*
*Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves*
*With grace divine, and like a God he moves.*

*Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses train,*
*Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;*
*Advent'rous waken the* Mœolian *lyre,*
*Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:*
*So arm'd by great* Achilles *for the fight,*
Patroclus *conquer'd in* Achilles' *right:*

* Odyssey, lib. 16.

Like

*Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name*
*To thine united*—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
*This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,*
*While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,*
*To hear from earth such hart-felt raptures rise,*
*As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:*
*Or nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,*
*From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring laws:*
*Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend;*
*To verse like thine fierce savages attend,*
*And men more fierce: When* Orpheus *tunes the lay,*
*Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.*

W. BROOME.

POST-

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# POSTSCRIPT.

## By Mr. *POPE*.

I Cannot dismiss this work without a few observations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceiv'd, and err against the first principle of Criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts, of civil and domestic life. *Homer* is here a person

*Qui didicit*, patriæ *quid debeat*, & *quid* amicis,
*Quo sit amore* parens, *quo* frater *amandus*, & hospes:
*Qui quid sit* pulcrum, *quid* turpe, *quid* utile, *quid* non,
*Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.*

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner* and *Style*; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have

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been missed to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common Reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a Critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

" The Odyssey (says he) is an instance, how natural " it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old " and decline, to delight it self in *Narrations* and *Fa-* " *bles*. For, that *Homer* composed the Odyssey after " the Iliad, many proofs may be given, *&c.* From " hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad " was written while his *Spirit* was in its greatest vi- " gour, the whole structure of that work is Dramatic " and full of action; whereas the greater part of the " Odyssey is employ'd in Narration, which is the taste " of *Old Age:* So that in this latter piece we may " compare him to the setting Sun, which has still " the same greatness but not the same ardor, or force. " He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more " that *Sublime* of the Iliad which marches on with a " constant pace, without ever being stopp'd, or re- " tarded; there appears no more that hurry and that " strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one " after another: there is no more the same fury, or " the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, " and all along drawing in such innumerable images of " nature. But *Homer*, like the Ocean, is always great, " even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is " lowest and loses himself most in Narrations and in- " credible Fictions: As instances of this, we cannot " forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures

" of

" of *Ulysses* with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But " tho' all this be *Age*, it is the *Age* of *Homer*——. " And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, " that they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the " *Dreams of* Jupiter *himself*. I spoke of the Odyssey only to show, that the greatest Poets when " their genius wants strength and warmth for the *Pathetic*, for the most part employ themselves in painting the *Manners*. This *Homer* has done, in characterizing the Suitors, and describing their way of life; " which is properly a branch of Comedy, whose " peculiar business it is to represent the manners of " men."

We must first observe, it is the *Sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: That, and not the nature of *Homer's* Poem, is his subject. After having highly extoll'd the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general Spirit and Inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective.

tive. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allow'd, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The Amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *Sublime*, *Longinus* preferr'd the Iliad: And because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer's* Age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: And that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his Imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his Judgment. For had he (as Madam *Dacier* observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of* Constantine, and the *School of* Athens, are both pieces of *Raphael*: Shall we censure the School of *Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and Philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the

the subject of either requir'd: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the Painter or Poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

*Aristotle* makes no such distinction between the two Poems: He constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus*; and that the particulars he chuses to extoll, are those very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners* which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: But even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic Poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *Moral*. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the *Fable* is also what the Criticks allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: Accordingly we find much more of the Cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *Manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes *Homer* with painting them too minutely. As to the *Narrations*, altho' they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to men-

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tion the length of those of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Nestor* in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters) those of *Glaucus* in the sixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allow'd to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the Narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the Genius of *Homer* had suffer'd any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of Poetry: The stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the *Sublime*) that a river, foaming and thund'ring in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure *Homer* because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a Gardiner who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoil'd in the endeavour to match the other.

*Longinus*

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*Longinus*, who saw this Poem was "*partly of the* "*nature of Comedy*," ought not for that very reason to have consider'd it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulysses* there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: *Calypso*, tho' a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the Suitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the same cast; the *Cyclops*, *Melanthius*, and *Irus*, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the Nature of the Poem, we shall form an Idea of the *Style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always cloath'd in the majesty of verse proper to Tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer Narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to Comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a *low action*. There are numerous instances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil*; and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in History, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader. The

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The question is, how far a Poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to *little circumstances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter Painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

*Epithets* are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: But whenever the Poet is oblig'd by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forc'd upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanicks: 'Tis using a vast force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raise the latter into Dignity, as we see in the *Georgicks*; but throw the former into Ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: Laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in Art, because it is vicious in Morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings,

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beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of Ridicule.

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true Sublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock-Epick. It is so far from being the Sublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cause of all *Bombaste*; when Poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: That continued swell of language (which run indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the Players have learned from it; and which is not *speaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in *Epic* Poetry than in *Tragic*, to distinguish between that *Language of the Gods* proper to the *Muse* who sings, and is inspir'd; and that of *Men* who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* still performs by speeches: Not only replies, but even rejoynders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lye under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical

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poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in Orations design'd to move with all the arts of Rhetorick: This is plain from the practice of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in those of *Drances* and *Turnus*, gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *Language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a *Muse* under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few Poets have imitated *Homer* in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of Ease and Dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to stoop to the Narrative with success, as for a Prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural*; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: But nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain Narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the Sublime, may pass notwithstanding any defects in the rest, nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

*Homer* in his lowest narrations or speeches is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows

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shows not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these than to the other. Let it be remember'd, that the same Genius that soar'd the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *Sublime* are derived, was also he who stoop'd the lowest, and gave to the simple *Narrative* its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to *Homer* himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad; he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature, and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allow'd that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer's* time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: And if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a Translator, from a different cause: *Homer* seems to have taken upon him the character of an Historian, Antiquary, Divine, and Professor of Arts and Sciences; as well as a Poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserv'd by a faithful Translator, who in some

measure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end, of the style of *Milton*. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work; I mean without rendring it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany Narration or Dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road must be as *good*, as the way is *antient*; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzled by frequent turnings and transpositions: No Man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: And let our love to Antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *Copies* but *Caricatura's* of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: Whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotick words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous vast and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, *&c.* than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of Angels, and the like. In general, this



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unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. *Milton* has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventur'd (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer*'s Lowneſſes in the *Narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *Dramatic* parts: Since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of *Homer's* style in the present translation, great pains has been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones: My errors had been fewer, had each of those Gentlemen who join'd with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the publick in the original Proposals for this work, and the particulars are specify'd at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The Reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed



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as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduc'd into our language this other work of the greatest and most antient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that *Homer* himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I design'd to have ended this Postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* bestow'd on the first part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that Poem *.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the industry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer*'s beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Eustathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critick, I should not have apprehended their ef-

* *Second Edition, a Paris*, 1719.

fect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam *Dacier's*, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her Reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her Authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier's* banner, and have wag'd war in defence of the divine *Homer* againſt all the Hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common Cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this Author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſs'd by ſo great a Critick? the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of Authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be byaſs'd?

All this however has happen'd, and Madam *Dacier's* Criticiſms on my Preface flow from the very ſame error, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flow'd, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reprov'd; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful *tranſlations*.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of *Criticiſm*, becauſe no man ought to be condemn'd upon another man's explanation of his meaning: Could *Homer* have had the Honour of explaining his, before that auguſt Tribunal where Monſieur *de la Motte* preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcap'd many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome *French* Authors have



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loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier*'s translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Island tongue* was as necessary to Madam *Dacier* in my case, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monsieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind Censurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the translation of *la Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleas'd me however to find, that her objections were not levell'd at the general Doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She propos'd little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combate two or three Similes*; and I hope that to combate a Simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a Simile is no better than the shadow of an Argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky Similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them; And if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employ'd it with more temper, she would not have answered Paraphrases of her own,

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which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* her self in those very articles on which she treats me like an Heretick: He will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination represents *Homer* as the greatest of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless Similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he liv'd in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the Manners of those times were so much the better the less they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confest that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning Kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and call'd adopting or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The



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truth is she might have said *her words*, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: tho' I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in *Eustathius*, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole Remark, only that in the first part of it Madam *Dacier* is displeas'd that I don't agree with her, and in the last that I do: But this is a temper which every polite man should over-look in a Lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastiz'd me. It happens that the first of these is in part the Translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: She quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *English*. "*Homer* (I said) open'd a new and boundless "walk for his imagination, and created a world for "himself in the invention of Fable;" which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the Translator. As to what I meant by *Homer*'s invention of Fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguish'd from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words. "If *Homer* was not the "first, who introduced the Deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he seems the first "who brought them into a *System of Machinery* for "Poetry.

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in *Aristotle*, and she is pleased to send me back to this Philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey for my better instruction. Now though I am sawcy enough to think that

one

one may sometimes differ from *Aristotle* without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never said is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these. "As there is a greater variety of Characters in the Iliad than in any other "Poem, so there is of Speeches. Every thing in it "has manners, as *Aristotle* expresses it; That is, every "thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narra-"tion." She justly says that "Every thing which "is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners mere-"ly because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: But I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? if not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has Manners: since *Homer* has been proved before in a long Paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing Characters and painting Manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has "manners as *Aristotle* calls them." But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes *Eustathius* call *Cratisthenes* the *Phliasian*, *Cal-*

*Isthmus* the *Physician* *. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded, to *Homer*'s, hers and my enemies, from which she was only screen'd by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. *de la Motte* for omitting a material passage in the † speech of *Helen* to *Hector*, *Il.* 6. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much *Greek*, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in *Homer*?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this Lady, that I must certainly have regain'd her good opinion, in spite of all mis-representing Translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of *Homer* as her self. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's Taste alone, but one's Morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's Religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their Belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; 'tis the same in Admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzza's given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancy'd it the same with the rabble of Criticks, a

* *Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l' Odyss.* pag. 467.
† *De la Corruption du Gout.*

desire

desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and I hope, more rational method. Tho' I am a Poet, I would not be an Enthusiast; and tho' I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a Party. I am far from thinking my self that Genius, upon whom at the end of these remarks Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of "correcting *Homer*, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this Constitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been apply'd, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferr'd it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable mis-guided Sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of *Homer*. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his Poem, and our Constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: That the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any *French* or *Englishman* whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the Genius for which Madam *Dacier* mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful Translator, and a quiet Subject.

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# *HOMER's*

# BATTLE

## OF THE

# *FROGS* and *MICE.*

---

*By Mr. Archdeacon* PARNEL,

*Corrected by Mr.* POPE.

---

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## Names *of the* MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*
Troxartes, *a Bread-eater.*
Lychomyle, *A Licker of Meal.*
Pternotractas, *A Bacon-eater.*
Lychopinax, *A Licker of Dishes.*
Embasichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*
Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheese-Scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon-Scooper.*
Pternophogus, *A Bacon-Eater.*
Cnissodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

## Names *of the* FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who swells his Cheeks.*
Peleus, *A Name from Mud.*
Hydromedusa, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Hypsiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Pelion, *From Mud.*
Seutlæus, *Call'd from the Beets.*
Polyphonus, *A great Babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*
Crambophagus, *Cabbage-eater.*
Lymnisius, *Call'd from the Lake.*
Calaminthius, *From the Herb.*
Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*
Prassophagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*
Pelusius, *From Mud.*
Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*
Prassæus, *Call'd from Garlick.*
Crangasides, *from Croaking.*

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# *Homer*'s BATTLE OF THE *FROGS* and *MICE*.

## BOOK I.

TO fill my rising Song with sacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye sweet Celestial Quire!
From *Helicon*'s imbow'ring Height repair,
Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
5 The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
The Springs of Contest, and the Fields of Fight;
How threatning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
Not louder Tumults shook *Olympus*' Tow'rs,
10 When Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.



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These equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
And thus the *Muse* records the Tale of Fame.
Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And just escap'd the stretching Claws of Death,
15 A gentle *Mouse*, whom Cats pursu'd in vain,
Flies swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring Plain,
Hangs o'er a Brink, his eager Thirst to cool,
And dips his Whiskers in the standing Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head,
20 And from the Waters, hoarse-resounding said,
What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you boast?
What Chance hath cast thee panting on our Coast?
With strictest Truth let all thy Words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
25 If worthy Friendship, proffer'd Friendship take,
And entring view the pleasurable Lake:
Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable Fare.
This Silver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
30 And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great *Physignathus* I, from *Peleus'* Race,
Begot in fair *Hydromeduse'* Embrace,
Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide.

Thee

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35 Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim,
A ſcepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
Then trace thy Line, and aid my gueſſing Eyes.
Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouſe* replies.
Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly
40 Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The Soul of Great *Pſycarpax* lives in me.
Of brave *Troxartes'* Line, whoſe ſleeky Down
In Love compreſs'd *Lychomile* the brown.
45 My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
Where-e'r her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
Born where a Cabin lifts its airy Shed,
With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
But ſince our Natures nought in common know,
50 From what Foundation can a Friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in Flaskets from my curious Eye,
55 In vain the Tripe that boaſts the whiteſt Hue,
In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my View,
In vain the Cheeſes, Offſpring of the Pale,
Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.



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And as in Arts I shine, in Arms I fight,
60 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to Flight.
Tho' large to mine the human Form appear,
Not *Man* himself can smite my Soul with Fear.
Sly to the Bed with silent Steps I go,
Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,
65 And fix indented Wounds with dextrous Skill.
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cause,
Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
70 Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Bait;
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent Warriors of the tabby Vest,
If to the Dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
And rend our Heroes of the *nibbling* Race.
75 But me, nor Stalks, nor watrish Herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson Radish charm my Sight,
The Lake-resounding *Frogs* selected Fare,
Which not a *Mouse* of any Taste can bear.
As thus the downy Prince his Mind exprest,
80 His Answer thus the croaking King addrest.
Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Jove*:

We

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We ſport in Water, or we dance on Land,
And born amphibious, Food from both command.
85 But truſt thy ſelf where Wonders ask thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe Seas, I'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
And reach my marſhy Court, and feaſt in State.
He ſaid, and leant his Back; with nimble Bound
90 Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his Arms around.
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad Survey
The winding Banks diſſemble Ports at Sea.
But when aloft the curling Water rides,
And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
95 His Thoughts grow conſcious of approaching Woe;
His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
Thick beats his Heart with unaccuſtom'd Fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore:
100 His Tail extended forms a fruitleſs Oar,
Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.
So paſs'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way;
105 With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,
And ſafe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.



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Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the *Frog* ſupport
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.
As thus he ſorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
110 Lo! from the deep a Water-*Hydra* roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd Eyes, his Boſom heaves,
And darts with active Rage along the Waves.
Confus'd, the Monarch ſees his hiſſing Foe,
And dives to ſhun the ſable Fates below.
115 Forgetful *Frog!* The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
He graſps with fruitleſs Hands to find Relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
120 And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with Fate in vain.
The weighty Moiſture clogs his hairy Veſt,
And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage expreſt.
Nor thou, that flings me ſlound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring Wrack,
125 Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy Due, perfidious King!
Purſu'd by Vengeance on the ſwifteſt Wing:
At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine.
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching Eyes:
130 Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers riſe!

This

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This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His Death the young *Lychopinax* eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry Brink he paſs'd the Day,
Bask'd in the Beams, and loiter'd Life away:
135 Loud ſhrieks the *Mouſe*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat;
The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
Grief, diſmal Grief enſues; deep Murmur ſound,
And ſhriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground;
From Lodge to Lodge the *ſacred Heralds* run,
140 To fix their Council with the riſing Sun;
Where great *Troxartes* crown'd in Glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains;
*Pſycarpax* Father, Father now no more!
For poor *Pſycarpax* lies remote from Shore:
145 Supine he lies! the ſilent Waters ſtand,
And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!

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## BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crowds,
Slow rose the Monarch, heav'd his anxious Breast,
And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addrest.
5 For lost *Psycarpax* much my Soul endures,
'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.
Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!
Our Eldest perish'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
10 As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful fate.
Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,
Dire *Arts* assist the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
And Men unpitying kill'd my *gallant Boy!*
15 The last, his *Country*'s Hope, his *Parent*'s Pride,
Plung'd in the Lake by *Physignathus*, dy'd.
Rouse all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.
His Words in ev'ry Breast inspir'd Alarms,
20 And careful *Mars* supply'd their Host with Arms.
In verdant Hulls despoil'd of all their Beans,
The buskin'd Warriors stalk'd along the Plains,

Quills

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Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corſelet made,
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd,
25 The Lamp's round Boſs affords their ample Shield,
Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear:
30 The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
Forſake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the Noiſes ſpring;
When near the Croud, diſclos'd to publick View,
The valiant Chief *Embaſichytros* drew:
35 The ſacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And thus his Words expreſt his King's Command.
Ye *Frogs!* the *Mice* with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in Armour ſhake the ſhining Lance;
Their hapleſs Prince by *Ploſignathus* ſlain,
40 Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.
Then arm your Hoſt, the doubtful Battel try;
Lead forth thoſe *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.
The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear.
45 Much they reſent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted Fame.



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O Friends! I never forc'd the *Mouse* to Death,
Nor saw the Gaspings of his latest Breath.
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
50 And vent'rous in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
To Vengeance now by false Appearance led,
They point their Anger at my guiltless Head.
But wage the rising War by deep Device,
And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.
55 Your *King* directs the Way; my Thoughts elate
With hopes of Conquest, form Designs of Fate.
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
And the steep Sides confine the sleeping Wave,
There, near the Margin, and in Armour bright,
60 Sustain the first impetuous Shocks of Fight:
Then where the dancing Feather joins the Crest,
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouse* arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe,
'Till countless Circles whirl the Lake below;
65 Down sink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd;
Loud flash the Waters; ecchoing Shores resound:
The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
And raise their glorious Trophies of the slain.
He spake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts
70 Redoubling Ardour to the boldest Hearts.

Green

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Green was the Suit his arming Heroes chose,
Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows close,
Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
And green the Colewort, which the Target made.
75 Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their glossy Helmets glisten'd o'er the Field;
And tap'ring Sea-Reeds for the polish'd Spear,
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
Thus dress'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
80 Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.
But now, where *Jove's* irradiate Spires arise,
With Stars surrounded in Æthereal Skies,
(A Solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden Seats:
85 The Sire superior leans, and points to show
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the num'rous Heroes stride;
What Length of Lance they shake with warlike Pride:
What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals;
90 So the fierce *Centaurs* ravag'd o'er the Dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring *Titans* rose,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.
This seen, the Pow'r his sacred Visage rears,
He casts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,

And

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95 And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist?
Then thus to *Pallas*. If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by sav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
100 And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taste,
They sport to please the Goddess of the Feast.
Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies,
When thus, resolv'd, the Blue-ey'd Maid replies.
105 In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
To such, thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my chrystal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,
110 My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine.
Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,
Cast the light Shoot, and croft the silver Thread;
115 In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear;
The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,
For which vile earthly Dunas thy Daughter grieve,
And Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.



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And learning's Goddess never less can owe,
120 Neglected Learning gets no Wealth below.
Nor let the *Frogs* to gain my Succour sue,
Those clam'rous Fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the Conflict ceast at Night,
When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
125 When spent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling Shield,
Lo from the Deep, repelling sweet Repose,
With noisy Croakings half the Nation rose:
Devoid of Rest, with aking Brows I lay,
130 'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear.
Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conquest of a meaner Foe,
135 Who, wildly rushing, meet the wond'rous Odds,
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.
So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*, her Words persuade,
140 Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK

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## BOOK III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies shine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line,
The Chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud Sign to loose the rushing War;
5 Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets sound,
The sounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.
First to the Fight the large *Hypsibons* flew;
10 And brave *Lychenor* with a jav'ling slew,
The luckless Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the Post of Fame.
When in his Liver struck, the Jav'lin hung,
The *Mouse* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
15 Prone to the Ground he sinks his closing Eye,
And soil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.
A Spear at *Pelion Troglodytes* cast,
The missive Spear within the Bosom past;
Death's sable Shades the fainting *Frog* surround,
20 And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
*Embasichytros* felt *Seustaus*' Dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;



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But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the ſlain,
And big *Seutlaus* tumbling loads the Plain,
25 And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd,
For boaſtful Speech and Turbulence of Sound;
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul againſt the Face of Day.
The ſtrong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
30 A victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought,
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of ſure Retreat,
Yet Arts in vain elude impending Fate;
35 Full on his ſinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.
*Lychenor* (ſecond of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;
Thro' all the *Frog* the ſhining Jav'lin flies,
40 And near the vanquiſh'd *Mouſe* the Victor dies;
The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, leſs inur'd to Fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly ſound'ring flaſhes up the Deep;
45 *Lychenor* following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;

Gaſp-

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Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;
Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
50 And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.
*Lymnisius* good *Tyroglyphus* assails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Lost to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.
55 The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthius* shuns by Flight,
Drops the green Target, springing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below,
The dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
60 Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,
His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;
But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,
65 'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone
Sounds on the Neck, and crushes all the Bone,
His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain.
*Lycopinax* with *Barbocates* fights
70 A blameless *Frog*, whom humbler Life delights;

The

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The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And Darkness seals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.
Incens'd *Prassophagus* with spritely Bound,
Bears *Cnissodiocles* off the rising Ground,
75 Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death.
But now the great *Psycarpax* shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)
Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
80 And thro' the Liver struck *Pelusius* dead;
His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
His Soul indignant sought the Shades of Hell.
This saw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
Lifts with both Hands a monst'rous Mass of Mud,
85 The Cloud obscene o'er all the Warrior flies,
Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtring, from the Shore
A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
A Load for lab'ring Earth, whose Bulk to raise,
90 Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.
Full to the Leg arrives the crushing Wound,
The *Frog* supportless, writhes upon the Ground.
Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,
'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,

Hoarse-

95 Hoarse-croaking Threats precede, with fatal Speed
Deep thro' the Belly runs the pointed Reed,
Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.
The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with Pain,
100 Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain.
And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply,
To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
There lurks the silent *Mouse* reliev'd of Heat,
And safe imbower'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.
105 But here *Troxartes*, *Physignathus* there,
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
Then where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
*Troxartes* wounds, and *Physignathus* flies,
Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,
110 And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind,
The *Mouse* still urges, still the *Frog* retires,
And half in Anguish of the Flight expires;
Then pious Ardor young *Prassæus* brings,
Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings:
115 Lank, harmless *Frog!* with Forces hardly grown,
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes'* Shield,
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now

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Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
120 A gallant Prince that far tranſcends his Years,
Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his Houſe,
And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouſe*:
His Action bold, robuſt his ample Frame,
And *Meridarpax* his reſounding Name.
125 The Warrior ſingled from the fighting Crowd,
Boaſts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
Threats all its Nations with approaching Fate.
And ſuch his Strength, the Silver Lakes around,
130 Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.
But pow'rful *Jove* who ſhews no leſs his Grace
To *Frogs* that periſh, than to human Race,
Felt ſoft Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
And ſhook his ſacred Head, that ſhook the Pole.
135 Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began,
The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mouſe*, and *Man*.
What Seas of Blood I view, what Worlds of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing from a Day's Campaign!
How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
140 The black-fur'd Heroe *Meridarpax* ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome fav'ring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.

Let

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Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye:
145 While *Mars* refulgent on his ratling Car,
Arrests his raging Rival of the War.
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
When thus the glorious God of Combats said.
Nor *Pallas, Jove!* tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
150 With all the Terrors of her hissing Shield,
Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight;
Nor these can drive the desp'rate *Mouse* afar,
And change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
155 Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms arise,
Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
When Heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
160 And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.
'Twas thus th' Armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,
Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
*Olympus* trembles as the Thunders roll.
165 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant Ground,

The

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The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,
Then Earth's Inhabitants the Niblers shake,
170 And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the Waters, quake.
Yet still the *Mice* advance their dread Design,
And the last Danger threats the croaking Line,
'Till *Jove* that only mourn'd the Loss they bore,
With strange Assistants fill'd the frighted Shore.
175 Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
They march, a sudden unexpected Crew,
Strong Suits of Armor round their Bodies close,
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go,
180 With harpy Claws their Limbs divide below,
Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command,
From out the Flesh the Bones by Nature stand,
Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise,
Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs,
185 With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd,
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread,
And either End alike supplies a Head.
These, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree;
190 The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now

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Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with ſev'ring Graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
There without Hands upon the Field they lie.
195 Wrench'd from their Holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
Helpleſs Amazement, Fear purſuing Fear,
And mad Confuſion thro' their Hoſt appear,
O'er the wild Waſt with headlong Flight they go,
200 Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Weſtern Seas,
Far-ſhooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays,
And a whole War (ſo *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

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